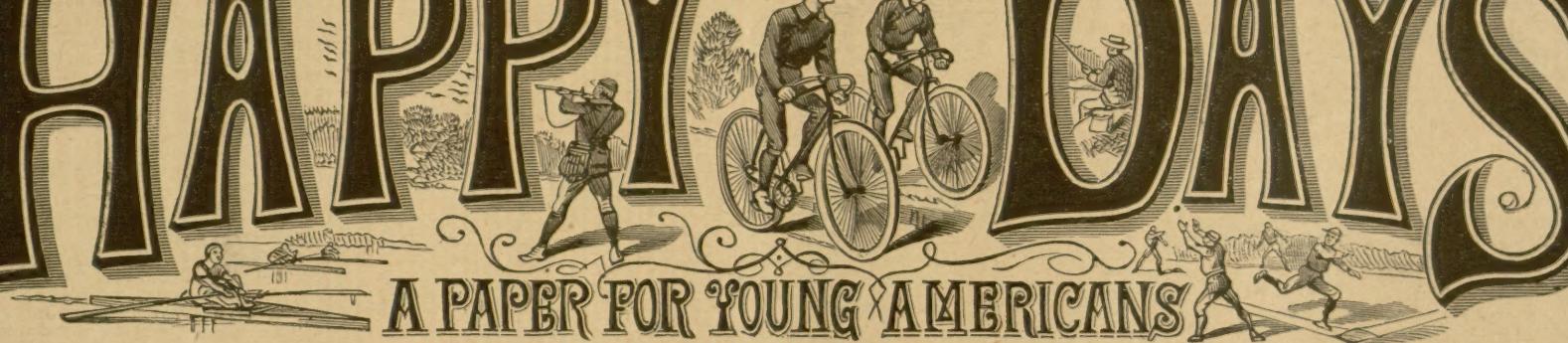


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HAPPY DAYS

A PAPER FOR YOUNG AMERICANS



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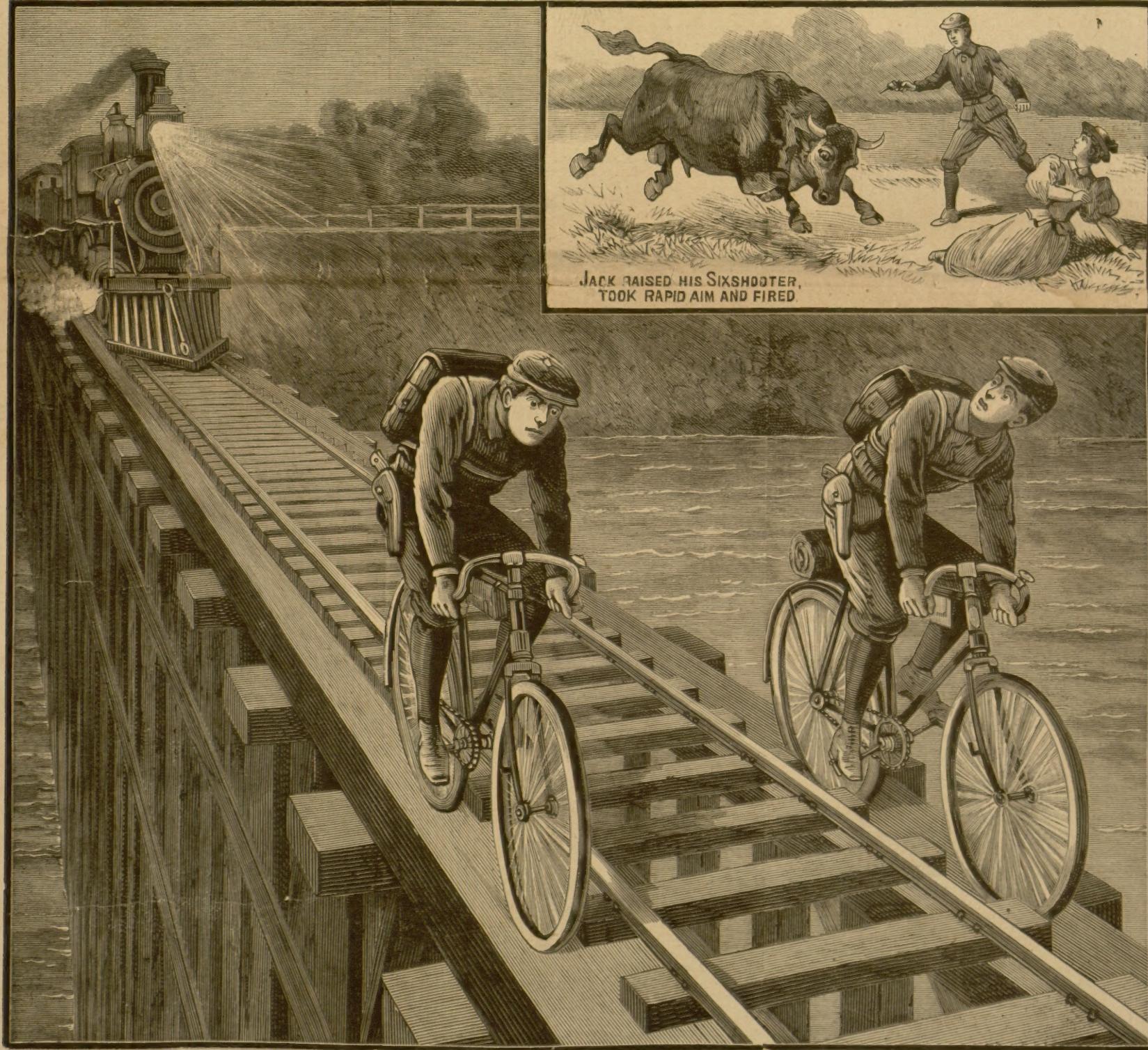
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No. 129

Six Months on the Wheel:

or, Two American Boys' Trip Around the World on Bicycles.

By ALBERT J. BOOTH.



Behind them they heard a rushing noise. Jack looked over his shoulder. "The train! the train!" he gasped. Their peril was great now. If the train overtook them they would be smashed to atoms, and already it was so close that the beams from the head-light fell upon the two boys.

SIX MONTHS ON THE WHEEL.

BY ALBERT J. BOOTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO BOYS START ON THEIR LONG JOURNEY.

"ROUND the world on my wheel in six months! You just bet your life it could be done!"

There was a shout of incredulous laughter from a group of boys who heard these words spoken, and some of them commenced to express their comments in audible tones.

The boy who had made the assertion was leaning over his wheel, with his dark face flushed as he listened to the jeers of his companions, and he allowed them to continue their talk without making any remark. He was trying hard to keep cool, for naturally he was somewhat hot-tempered. The probability is that the subject would have been dropped in a very short time, if Dick Carson had not put in a word.

Now a taunt from Dick Carson was to Jack Daring like the waving of a red flag to a bull.

He drew himself up quickly and looked Dick straight in the eye.

"What's that you say, Dick Carson?"

"Oh, nothing!"

"I'd be glad if you'd say it over again even if it is nothing. Come, out with it, Dick Carson, or I'll ask one of the other fellows to tell me what you said, and I might make things lively for you."

Dick Carson laughed lightly.

"Jack Daring," he said, "there's no good in you and me fighting over it. I said—" and his voice had a distinct sneer in it as he spoke—"that I only knew of one person who could go round the world on a wheel in six months."

"Go on!" cried Jack Daring, hotly.

"And," added Dick Carson, "his name is Jack Daring. Hal! Hal! a great joke, boys, a great joke!"

Jack Daring's dark face became white with passion, and he was tempted to resort to his fists rather than words in order to answer his old enemy, but again he restrained himself.

"What's the good of talking," cried Tom Scott; "when Jack Daring said what he did, he said it without thinking."

"Of course," put in another boy.

"So I note," continued Tom Scott, "that we don't talk any more about it. Let's get on our wheels and have a spin round the Park. I'm getting cold standing here."

All this talk had taken place in Central Park, immediately opposite the Casino, on the terrace that overlooks the band stand, to which place the boys, having a holiday, had ridden on their wheels. It was quite early in the year, and as Tom Scott had said, it was decidedly chilly. So his proposition to move on met with almost unanimous approval.

It was Jack Daring that caused them to halt.

"See here, boys; I don't agree with Tom Scott, and I want you to stay right here. We'll have this thing out. You all heard me say that it was possible to ride round the world in six months on a wheel. Very well. I'm going to do it."

The quiet way in which these last few words were said was more effective in producing astonishment than a louder, more assertive tone would have been.

"I told you Jack Daring was the only fellow equal to it," laughed Dick Carson, mockingly.

"You mean that for a taunt, Dick Carson. Well, I won't quarrel with you. My answer to all your jeers will be to do what I've said I can do—and listen, boys," continued Jack, "I'm not vain enough to think I'm the only chap who could do it, but of one thing be sure—I'm the first who will do it."

The boys saw now that Jack Daring was in earnest, and they crowded round him, pressing him eagerly with questions, and as fast as he could he endeavored to satisfy their curiosity. Meanwhile Dick Carson sulked on one of the seats near by.

"Helloo! Here's Ned Norton," shouted Tom Scott.

Jack looked up quickly with a bright smile on his face, and it was easy to see that the news had given him pleasure.

Ned was spinning along across the open space in front of the Casino, and the boys were watching him as he came up.

"Well, Jack! Hulloa, Tom! how are you all?" shouted Ned, cheerily. "Couldn't get here before, and I thought you'd all be gone. But what's up? You all look as if you had something on your minds."

"Ned," said Jack Daring, walking over to him, "I've undertaken to ride round the world on my wheel in six months. Will you come with me?"

"Why, of course, Jack. Fancy asking me such a question as that. Oh, what a lark! Round the world on a wheel. It's the best thing I ever heard of. It's great."

Ned Norton bubbled over with excite-

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ment and good temper. The latter was habitual to him and he was anxious to make preparations for the start.

The other boys were impressed at the abrupt invitation extended to Ned by Jack Daring, and the ready way in which it was accepted.

"Why, Ned," laughed Tom Scott, "you said yes just as quick as if he was only asking you to go to Coney Island."

"What else could I say?" answered Ned, with a look of astonishment on his face. "Jack couldn't very well go without me. Could you, Jack?"

"I should say not, Ned, and we'll have a great time, too, don't you forget it!"

Ned Norton and Jack Daring were inseparable. If ever there were two chums in the world, these two boys were they. Yet their positions in life were very different.

Jack's father was very wealthy, and Ned, who had neither father nor mother, had been left at the age of fourteen to make his own way in the world.

Until his father's death, Ned had been at the same school with Jack, for Mr. Norton, so long as he lived, had passed for a man of wealth. But though circumstances separated the two boys, Jack never allowed any one to take Ned's place in his heart.

His friend's misfortunes seemed to have rendered the tie between them all the closer, and Jack was never happy unless he was doing something to benefit Ned.

After supper—the two boys had ridden to Jack's house—some talk took place. Ned started it.

"Say, Jack, of course you were only jollying those fellows when you talked about riding round the world?"

"Don't you believe it! Never was more in earnest in my life, old chap. I mean to do it, too, but I don't say I would have pledged myself to it except for Dick Carson's taunts. I've said I'll do it, Ned, and you know I never break my word."

"But your father, Jack! What will he do about it? Guess he won't like it a bit."

"I'll talk him round. I know I'll have my own way there. But what's the matter, Ned? You look gloomy."

"So I am. I feel blue, for I can't go with you, Jack."

"Not go with me! Why, you've promised."

"Without thinking. I can't afford it. Where's the money to come from?"

Jack Daring put his arm affectionately around his chum's shoulders.

"If you begin to talk about money, Ned, we shall fight. That's the only subject that'll make a row between you and me. Don't say another word. My father's coming. I can tell his footprint. So much the better. Here goes, Ned! I'll brace him at once."

Jack's father was very fond of Ned Norton, and he gave him a very hearty greeting.

"What's the news, boys?"

"Ned and I are going round the world on bikes."

Mr. Daring gasped with astonishment as he fell into a chair.

"Say that again, Jack, and kick me at the same time to let me know whether I'm awake or dreaming."

"You're not dreaming, pop, any more than I. Dick Carson taunted me, and I asserted I'd go round the world on my wheel in six months. You'd not have me break my word, would you?"

"I should say not, my boy. If you've said you'll do it, you must do your best to prove your words, that's all there is to it."

It will thus be seen that Jack and his father were very much alike in their natures, and the latter lost sight of all possible danger to his boy, in the thought that Jack must perform what he had promised.

They did not intend to exert themselves on the first day, thinking it wise to accuse themselves to the work.

"We'll pull up at the next place, Ned, and stay there the night, if there's a hotel there. What d'you say?"

"Ask me what my stomach says, Jack," laughed Ned. "It says 'beefsteak' and as soon as possible."

Just then they saw in front of them, as the day was closing in, a very steep hill.

At its foot they jumped off their wheels, intending to push them up, that being more feasible than attempting to ride up such an incline.

Where they dismounted, by the roadside, was the trunk of a tree which seemed to have fallen there recently. Jack sat down upon it, and taking a map from his pocket, began to study it.

Just at this moment two men who had been lying down in a field made their appearance.

One glance showed them to be tramps. They were ragged, unshaven, dirty and disreputable looking.

"Beg pardon, boss," said one of the hoboes, drawing near, "me an' my pard hyar's dead hungry. Ain't yer, Willie?"

"What of it?" demanded Jack.

"Ye'll help a couple of hard workin' men on de road, mister, eh?"

"Here's a dime for you," said Jack, handing over the coin.

The tramp took it, but instead of transferring it to his pocket, he proceeded to examine it very carefully as it lay in the palm of his hand.

"A dime!" he exclaimed, contemptuously. "Ten pennies fer two starvin' men! Sure you kin spare it, mister?" he asked, sarcastically.

"Clear away from here, you drunken scoundrel!" cried Ned. "You don't deserve a cent!"

"Oh, we don't!" shouted the tramp, fiercely. "Yer too fresh, see! Suppose I asked yer for a V., fer five of the long green, how 'bout it?"

"Skip," cried Jack, angrily. The close proximity of these drunken hoboes annoyed him.

"Not till we get the plunkers."

The other tramp came up now.

"Dis ain't no kiddin'," he said, thrusting his face into Jack's. "If we don't have de stuff ye'll suffer."

"I will not give you another cent, and I'm very sorry I gave you anything. You can't bulldoze me, you scoundrel!"

"Den we'll smash yer bikes!"

With these words the two tramps made a rush for the wheels which were leaning against the fallen tree. To reach them they had to pass both Ned and Jack.

Ned was on the alert in an instant. He wheeled round, and aiming a terrific blow at the tramp who was nearest to him, he caught him with his fist fair and square in the eye. The man reeled against his companion, who was thrown off his feet by the collision, and went headlong over the fallen tree, into a ditch on the other side of it.

He was on his feet again in a moment, and seized a stout piece of wood that was lying on the ground. His companion, too, had recovered from Ned's blow, and once more the two hoboes rushed at the boys, the tramp with the cudgel waving it in the air as he advanced.

If it had been level ground before them, escape would have been easy. The boys could have jumped on their machines and then have dashed away. But with this terrific hill facing them, such a proceeding was out of the question. Matters looked serious.

Jack and Ned were brave as boys could be, but it was not likely that they were a match for two such desperate men. There was no house near, no person in sight.

"Seize your wheel and run," cried Jack, loudly.

At least the apparently inevitable conflict might be postponed for awhile.

The two boys pushed their bicycles before them as they ran up the hill, and by this sudden action they put a space of twenty or thirty yards between them and the tramps.

"Those two wretches wouldn't hesitate to murder us," said Jack.

"I know it. We could easily escape them by running, but that means leaving the wheels behind, and we can't think of that."

"I'd die first."

"Better hand over, gents!" cried one of the tramps; "only it's a ten spot now. Prices is raised."

Jack stooped suddenly at this moment, and doing so he grasped a large, round stone, which had been lying in the road at his feet. He hurled this with all his strength at the leading tramp.

"That's the only kind of a ten spot you'll ever get from me," shouted the boy, furiously.

There was a howl of pain from the hobo. The stone had caught him with all its force in the pit of the stomach, bringing him instantly to the ground. The ruffian lay in the road uttering the most awful imprecations, mingled with howls of pain, and all the while wriggling about like an eel.

"Kill them! Bill, kill them!" he shouted to his comrade.

"Not on yer life," was the answer of the other tramp, who, instead of advancing to the attack, proceeded to betake himself to a safe distance.

For by this time Ned had possessed himself of a stone, with which he was threatening the tramp who was still on his feet.

"We'll make tracks, Ned. Come along."

The boys did not waste a moment. They hurried up the hill, and when they were near the top, looking back, they saw the tramp who had been hit by the stone on the point of rising to his feet.

"They can't hurt us now, Ned. We can get to the top of the hill and vanish long before they can reach us."

"It was a narrow escape, Jack, for our wheels anyway. If they'd been smashed just at the start, Dick Carson would have had the laugh on us."

"It's taught me one thing, anyway."

"What's that?"

"Why, that we must buy a couple of six-shooters at the first store we come to. If we'd had guns with us we'd have been spared all this bother. I thought we'd not need them till we got to Frisco, but I see I was wrong."

Ned Norton was now riding in front of Jack Daring. The road was particularly rough. In fact it was almost impassable.

"We've made a mistake, Ned!" shouted Jack; "we've got off the track!"

"Not a bit of it. This is all—"

Ned never finished the sentence. There was a crash, then a splash, and Ned Norton was sent flying over a rail into a slimy pond.

In the darkness Jack could not see his chum, but he heard him floundering about.

"Swim out, Ned! Where are you?"

As Ned did not appear Jack became anxious, and he crept to the edge of the pond to see whether he could render any assistance. Then he saw Ned slowly walking to the bank.

"Ugh!" said Ned, disgustedly, "I'm a show. There's more mud than water in that pond, Jack. I'll never be able to go any further. Never!"

"There's a light over there about a hundred yards away. Wonder if they'd give us a bed. Come on; we'll try."

It was a farm-house they had struck, and the farmer's wife gave a shriek when her eyes fell upon Ned Norton. He was covered from head to foot with a green and red mixture.

"Sakes alive!" she exclaimed, "who are ye?"

Jack explained what had happened.

"Sure enough, ye fell into our pond. Come in, boys. Have a bed, why, of course!"

The farmer was as hospitable as his wife. Ned changed his clothing, and this was immediately scoured so as to be ready for him in the morning.

Then they soon fell asleep, for they were very tired.

It was no use for Jack to offer to pay for what he and Ned had received at the farmhouse.

"We don't keep a hotel, mister," cried the farmer with a laugh, and as the two boys rode away he and his wife stood looking after them till they were out of sight.

"They've got plenty of grit, missus," said the farmer, "but round the world on wheels! By gosh! they'll never get there."

CHAPTER III.

JACK'S ADVENTURE WITH THE BULL—THE TWO BOYS ON THE BRIDGE.

The boys made a very short stop at Buffalo. Having procured revolvers and other necessities, they turned aside to see the Falls at Niagara. Then, for the next two or three days they raced like steam engines, not wasting any time in sight-seeing.

So they went until they came to Chicago. Here they found letters from home, and a package containing some clothing, which was very useful.

From Chicago they took a southwesterly route, intending to strike Denver, and from there through the Rockies to San Francisco.

The weather was beautiful, and there having been since they started an absence of rain, the roads were in good condition for fast time.

How they scorched along! How they coasted down the hills! There were no park policemen to interfere with their enjoyment now. They might do as they pleased, for they met few people on the roads, except in the towns.

"This is glorious!" cried Jack.

"But a bit monotonous."

"Monotonous, Ned! Why, what d'you mean?"

"It's the same old business, Jack, day after day, riding, riding, riding, nothing to break the monotony but an occasional tumble."

"Oh, that's it!" laughed Jack; "you don't tumble off enough, only occasionally. Well, my dear Ned, you can cure that. Tumble off as much as you like, I won't interfere."

"Stop jollying! you know what I mean."

"I don't."

"Well, why don't we have some adventure? Now you've got it. That's what I meant to say."

"Ah! now I understand you. My dear Ned, don't be impatient. Wait till we cross the water to get over into Asia. We'll have enough adventures then, and don't you forget it."

Ned let the conversation drop, and very soon he and Jack sat down by a stream and ate the sandwiches they had with them.

But when they had passed through the town, Jack left Ned behind for a few moments, while he rode on to find out whether they had taken the wrong road.

"Help! Help!"

Jack heard these cries for assistance very distinctly, and he redoubled his speed, making the pedals fly round as he dashed along.

The cries continued and then Jack saw what was the matter. In a field were a girl and a bull.

The animal appeared to be of a very savage nature, and was endeavoring to reach the girl.

The bull made a frantic rush at its intended victim with head down, and bellowing furiously as it advanced to the attack.

The girl was alive to her danger, but seemed stunned with fear, and therefore almost incapable of helping herself.

"Spring aside!" roared Jack loudly, as he rushed to her assistance.

Perhaps the sight of help at hand may have nerves her, for she did as Jack had told her, and the bull missing her, flew wildly by.

But the girl had only escaped for the time.

Evidently she was completely overcome, and Jack, appalled, saw her sink on the grass, apparently unable to do anything further.

The bull by this time had checked its mad career, and now, turning, it saw its victim quite at its mercy. It made a terrible noise—a cry of triumph—and slowly tossing its head as it went, it made for the girl.

Needless to say Jack had not been idle. He had sprung from his wheel as soon as he saw what was happening, and was dashing across the field as fast as his legs could carry him. But a considerable distance separated him from the bull and the red mixture.

He pulled his six-shooter from his pocket as an idea entered his head.

Bang!

Jack was disappointed. He thought the noise would have scared the bull, and have caused it at least to halt for a few moments. But the shot had no such effect.

Jack shouted to the girl, but she seemed indifferent to everything, and never stirred.

Meanwhile, running at his utmost speed, the boy had now considerably lessened the distance between himself and the savage animal.

Looking ahead, he saw the bull pause for a moment, regarding steadfastly its victim as it did so, and then the brute made ready to charge.

Jack raised his six-shooter, took rapid aim, and fired. It was the only thing left for him to do, and he fancied that if he put a bullet into the animal, as he could scarcely fail to do, it would undoubtedly stop it.

The bullet struck the bull on its near hind leg, and instantly the animal came to a halt.

It bellowed with pain, and then turning round, it saw it had to do with a new enemy.

"Run! Run!" shouted Jack to the girl; "you have a chance now."

The boy knew not what she did. He had to think of himself now. The bull was rushing at him.

Bang! Bang!

Twice he fired, leveling his weapon at the head of the bull.

It made a frantic leap forward, then with a groan the animal sank on the ground almost at Jack's feet. There was nothing to fear now from the brute, for both the bullets, just fired, had penetrated the skull.

A number of people were in the field now, Ned Norton amongst them.

Turning, Jack saw the girl he had rescued clasped in the arms of a tall man, and then a moment later the pair, and all those with them, came towards where he was standing.

"You have saved my daughter's life, sir," said the tall man, "and I'll never be able to thank you enough. Rose, dear, thank your preserver."

"Oh, I do, papa, I do! Oh, sir, but for you the bull would have killed me! You risked your life for me, and I'll never forget it."

Jack, looking at her pretty face, thought he would like to have the chance of risking it often. He made light of what he had done.

"I was in no danger," he said, "but, of course, I'm very happy to have been of assistance—"

"My name is Ralston, sir," said the gentleman, "and Rose is my only child. You'll never know what a debt I owe you. Some day I'll perhaps be able to pay it."

Then a chat took place, and the boys explained the nature of their journey.

"Going round the world on your wheels?" said Rose Ralston, incredulously.

"Yes, that is what we've set out to do."

"Oh, but you are brave. My father and myself are great travelers, but we go by train and steamer. Perhaps we may meet again during our travels."

"I hope so," said Jack.

And then the party separated. More than once Jack looked back, and each time as he did so, he encountered the bright eyes of Rose Ralston.

Ned was thoroughly dissatisfied now.

"This beats everything," he growled.

"Just because I stayed behind a few minutes, I'm left out in the cold."

"That can't be helped. Some day the same thing may happen to me."

"Yes, when I save the life of a flat nose, copper-colored Asiatic, not a pretty girl like Rose Ralston."

Jack roared with laughter, for Ned's distress was quite comical. And so they went on, nothing more being said about the affair, and both boys scorching along with all speed. Darkness came on, and found them still riding.

"In half an hour we shall be at our resting place for the night," said Jack.

"Great Scott! What's this?"

"Hullo! We've made a big mistake, Ned. Thunder! We ought to have struck a bridge fifteen miles higher up stream. Not this railroad bridge."

"There's no good wasting time, then. Let's turn and ride back."

"Stop a bit. I'm doing some thinking."

The bridge in front of them was high above the stream, formed entirely of wood, and consisting of a single track only.

"I've got it," shouted Jack, quickly.

"What?"

"I am not going back fifteen miles, you bet your sweet life. Look here, Ned, we'll ride across the bridge."

"Can't be done, Jack."

"Yes, it can. The wooden trestle on each side is nearly a foot wide. You ride one side, I'll ride the other."

Ned was ashamed to say no. Here was an adventure truly. One calculated to make the hair stand on end, and he had been dying for some fun and excitement.

When the boys started to ride along the parapet on either side of the rails they knew that a fall meant death, for the height was terrific. However, they took these chances, and across the bridge they went in safety until more than two-thirds of the distance was covered. Then, behind them they heard a rushing noise.

Jack looked over his shoulder.

"The train! the train!" he gasped.

Their peril was great now. If the train overtook them they would be smashed to atoms, and already it was so close that the beams from the head-light fell upon the two boys.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAPPY DAYS IS THE VERY BEST STORY PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE WORLD. IT IS "UP-TO-DATE" IN EVERYTHING IT DOES.

Lighthouse Keepers Along the Florida Keys.

The job of lighthouse keepers on the Florida reefs is about the loneliest way of making a living in the catalogue of occupations. The mental strain has proven so great in several instances that the keeper grew melancholy to such a degree that he ended it by blowing out his brains. The system is now so arranged that the sudden darkening of an important reef lamp by a suicide's bullet is not probable, for two keepers are stationed in each light for company's sake as well as to guard against sickness.

These two keepers of the key lights for two months on a stretch seldom see any faces except their own and converse with nobody except each other. The lighthouses are, on an average, twenty miles from land, and ships pass from ten to twenty miles away. The lighthouses are built of four great iron pillars, founded deep in the coral and towering toward each other. Platforms of steel bind the pillars together, sleeping and storage rooms are constructed and the lamp crowns all. The place is not perilous, but in a storm must be what the colored folks call "lonesome" to an uncanny degree.

After two months of service the keeper has a month ashore to spend with his family or how he pleases. The families of the reef lightkeepers are not allowed in the houses. They are looked upon as a distraction that might cause the keeper to neglect his duty.

Most of the keepers have developed into omnivorous readers. Some of them, however, have pursued a steady purpose, and one we have in mind prepared himself for admittance to the bar, and has since become one of Key West's most eminent lawyers. He has a dramatic manner of expression, and learned it, so 'tis said, by "noratin" to the winds and the waves, and his single companion.

A LITTLE FUN.

"What are the pauses?" asked the teacher of the primary school. "Things that grows on cats," said a little boy.

"How did Sharpton win that \$50 of you, Chumpley?" "Bet me he could show me a stationary engine running."

"I must tell you a secret, old man. I am going to elope, and I want to wear the correct suit; what is proper?" "A cutaway coat, of course."

Riggs—Halloo, old man! Briggs—Excuse me, sir; you have the advantage of me. "Yes, I guess I have; we were engaged to the same girl, but you married her."

"What did you stop that clock in your room for, Jane?" "Because, mum, the plaguey thing has some sort of a fit every morning, mum, when I wants to sleep."

Johnny—It was a wintry day the last time I went to grandma's. It blew and it—Mother—it blew is not proper. Say it blew. Johnny—it blew and it snowed awful.

First Neighbor—That's a very dainty dog of yours. I threw him some cold sausages this morning and he wouldn't touch them. Second Neighbor—What do you take him for—a cannibal?

Barber—Have you had any experience in shaving students? Applicant (for job)—Oh, yes, sir; I always go over their faces twice with the back of the razor and ask them if it pulls much. He got the job.

Lady—And you escaped from the wreck? Indigent Seaman—Yes, mum. Lady—How did you feel when the waves broke over you? Seaman—Wet, mum, werry wet; but now, mum, I feels dry, werry dry.

"But it seems to me you ask very high wages when you acknowledge that you haven't had much experience," said a lady. "Shure, ma'am, ain't it harder for me when I don't know how?" replied Bridget.

Doctor—Just place this thermometer under your tongue, Mrs. Henpeck, and keep your lips tightly closed. Mr. Henpeck (after a few minutes of speechless delight)—What will you take for that instrument, doctor?

New Roomer (sarcastically)—Is this all the soap there is in the room? Landlady (decidedly)—Yes, sir; all I will allow you. New Roomer—Well, I'll take two more rooms. I've got wash my face in the morning.

Jack—Maud wants to know why you shun her company now. Tom—Well, the fact is, I'm broke. Jack—I'll tell her, and you needn't shun her any more. Tom (brightening)—By Jove! Do you think so? Jack—Yes; she'll shun you.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Little 4-year old May Hill is one of the queerest human freaks in the matter of fingers and toes that a person sees in a lifetime. She was brought to Fort Worth, Texas, by her father, J. W. Hill. The child has on her left foot nine toes, one growing from the top of her foot, and on the right foot eight toes. She has nine fingers and three thumbs on the right hand, and seven fingers and five thumbs on the left. Each hand is divided into two phalanges, each containing several fingers. The thumbs grow on the hand where one thumb of normal persons grows. The fingers are grown together like webfeet. In all, the girl has forty-one toes and fingers.

A pearl diver says that one of the strange effects of diving is the invariable bad temper felt while working at the bottom of the sea. As this usually passes away as soon as the surface is reached, it is probably due to the pressure of the air affecting the lungs, and through them the brain. The exhilaration and good temper of the mountain climber is a contrary feeling from an opposite cause. A diver becomes so angry at some imaginary wrong doing on the part of those in the boat above that he gives the signal to be pulled up, "with the intention of knocking the heads of the entire crew," only to forget what he came up for when the surface is reached.

The London Field tells this story: "A rat was caught alive on board a British naval vessel in a trap, and the beast was thrown from the trap into the water without being killed. A large gull, that was following in the wake of the ship to pick up scraps of food thrown overboard by the steward, stopped several times, endeavoring to pick the rat up. Once the bird got too close to the rat's jaws, and the beast grabbed it by the neck. After a short fight the rat succeeded in killing the bird. When the gull was dead the rat scrambled upon the bird's body, and, hoisting one wing as a sail, and using the other as a rudder, succeeded in steering for the shore. Whether the rat reached shore or not is a question, since the ship soon got out of sight of the skipper and its craft.

The Rev. A. R. Fowler, who is minus both hands, was arrested at Anniston, Ala., being wanted at Elberton, Ga., on a charge of forging three rent notes and a mortgage on a farm. Fowler was pastor of the Elberton Presbyterian Church for three months last year. Fowler lost his hands within a few weeks of each other about three years ago. He took out an accident policy for \$5,000, and seven days afterward one of his hands was shot off while hunting. When this wound was healed, and before the first policy was paid, another policy was taken out. Fowler went hunting again in a few days and came back with the other hand blown to pieces. The insurance company is fighting the payment of the policies on the ground that the loss of the hands was not due to accident. It is not explained how the alleged forgeries were committed.

EXCHANGE NOTICES.

TAKE NOTICE.—We will not be responsible for any transactions brought about by the notices published in this department, nor will we guarantee the reliability of any of the advertisers. Advertisements of or for air-guns, firearms of any description, poisons, dangerous chemicals, birds' eggs and worthless articles will not be inserted. In making an exchange it would be advisable to write to the advertiser regarding the articles to be exchanged before sending the goods. Notices, not exceeding forty-eight words, subject to the above conditions, will be published one time free of charge.

Notices containing the names of papers and libraries not published by us will not be inserted, unless in exchange for our publications.

G. A. Ross, 355 West Ohio street, Chicago, Ill. I will give one of Tousey's hand-books for four Comic Libraries. I would like Nos. 20, 24, 28, 36, 43, 48, 56, 61, 65, 68, 76, 81, 95, 96, 102, 112, 115 and 108. I have Nos. 4, 10, 31, 33, 41, 42, 52, 65 and 73 of the hand-books; write before sending papers. Honesty.

W. W. Bishop, Madisonville, Ky., has Happy Days from 35 up to date to exchange for printing press or best offer. Honest offer. All mail answered.

Frank Strecker, 1,313 Newkirk street, Station C, Philadelphia, Pa., will give three 5-cent novels for every two Happy Days after 126; also has 300 cigarette pictures, 3,500 United States one and two-cent stamps, 400 one and two-cent Columbian stamps, 30 motto buttons, and New York World comic supplements to exchange for Happy Days after 126. All letters and postals answered.

James W. Long, 33 Ry. street, Bellaire, Ohio. I have 190 different stamps and album, 900 foreign and 600 United States stamps, ten pieces of sheet music, 6 song books, No. 59 of Frank Tousey's hand-books, book on how to eat fire, \$1 coin collector, and a camera 2x2 1-2 to exchange for a 4x6 or larger camera and one or more plate holders.

M. Tausig, 9 East 108th street, New York City, wants to hear from parties having type and printing material to exchange for stamps. Revenues also wanted.

Fred DePutron, 3,348 Uber street, Philadelphia, Pa., has a collection of over 950 foreign and United States stamps and a set of boxing gloves which he will exchange for an officer's sword and belt in good condition, or either one for a mandolin in good condition.

Otis A. Rowell, 128 Cambridge street, Boston, Mass. I would like to hear from all who have negro wigs to exchange. I want 12 of them, and I will make a good offer for them. All who have one or more please write to me and let me know what you want for them. All letters and postals answered; write quick.

Wm. Banks, 409 Barbadoes street, Norristown, Pa. I have \$25 worth of reading matter, two pairs of ice skates, size 10 1-2 and 11, also a punching bag and a pair of clogs to exchange.

A. H. Coombs, Simcoe, Ontario, Canada, has Happy Days No. one to date to trade for stamps in best offer—old United States wanted; write quick.

Allan Thurlow, 2,107 Eoff street, Wheeling, W. Va., will give two coins catalogued at 25 cents each for a 30-cent Columbian, 4 for a 50-cent, and one for a 15 cent. Also would like to hear from persons having comic novels or stamps.

W. B. Merrifield, 726 Fifth street, Louisville, Ky., will give bound Vol. 6 of Young Men of America (52 numbers) for any volume of Boys of New York before Vol. 16.

Geo. H. Brown, Box 146, Antwerp, N. Y., will give a sheet of 25 different United States stamps for every 3 Violet cigarette coupons, a sheet of 25 different foreign stamps for every 3 Honest Long Cut coupons, 100 mixed United States, Columbian and revenue for every 5 College Cut coupons, and 50 mixed United States stamps for every 5 Fern Leaf coupons. All letters and postals answered.

Edward Sherman, 2 Hope street, Taunton, Mass., would like to exchange the following goods for a cornet: One accordion, nearly new, cost \$7.50, one accordion book, in good condition, cost 75 cents, one pair of nickel plated skates size 12, \$2.50, one new microscope, 75 cents, one Baltimore printing press No. 4, good, \$1.25, two boxes of rubber type, spaces, blocks, quads, etc., and one box of cards and small envelopes.

Max Schrieber, P. O. Box 570, McDonald, Pa. I will give one Good News and one motto button for every Happy Days.

Walter C. Roll, 3,620 Roll avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, will exchange Happy Days 18 to 47 and 62 to 79, one pair of opera glasses, and one standard stamp album with collection of 250 stamps for electrical or photographic supplies, reading matter or stamps.

H. W. Kiley, 77 Bradford street, Everett, Mass., has a \$15 printing press to exchange for stamps.

C. W. Ferguson, Box 115, Bristol, Tenn. I have a good telegraph sounder in perfect order to exchange for best offer in electrical goods.

Perley Blanchard, 255 Highland avenue, West Somerville, Mass. I will give 15 foreign stamps, ten postmarks, 25 tin tags, one Bright Days, and reading matter for every Happy Days that this notice is in. Good at any time. Honest offer; write quick.

Geo. H. Brown, Box 146, Antwerp, N. Y., will give a sheet of 25 different United States stamps for every 5 Premium tobacco tickets, 100 United States and Columbian stamps for every 3 Bow Knot Long Cut coupons, 50 mixed United States stamps for every 5 Combination coupons.

C. W. Muhly, Jr., 20 East Randall street, Baltimore, Md., has one copy of "Cushing's Manual," one copy of "Herrman's Black Art," one copy of "Herrman's Tricks with Cards," all new, and a 25-cent book to exchange for Happy Days or stamps.

H. Stroube, Jr., 6,814 Manchester Road, St. Louis, Mo., has 60 comic buttons, \$5 worth of reading matter, book on chemistry, cost \$12, 500 stamps, one hand printing press 2x3 1-3, to exchange for a self-inking printing press 2 1-2x3 1-2 or larger; he will also give 3 foreign stamps for every letter in a font of type. No less than ten taken.

R. G. Hearsey, 4 Royal street, New Orleans, La., has a No. 1 Kodak with view finder spool of 100 exposures to exchange for a watch.

George F. Messimer, 525 North Fourth street, Harrisburg, Pa., has novels, bees, Arbuckle pictures, and all kinds of reading matter to exchange for best offer; write quick.

Jos. Ryan, 499 West Ohio street, Chicago, Ill., will give five story papers for every 50 foreign stamps, or two story papers for ten motto or comic pins or buttons.

Henry Johnson, 1,543 North 24th street, Station C, Philadelphia, Pa. I will give 35 well mixed foreign stamps for every 5-cent novel, Bull Durham or Sub Rosa coupons. Not less than three taken at one time.

Louis Mayer, 817 Marshall street, Philadelphia, Pa. I will give 50 foreign stamps, one Happy Days or one five-cent novel for every match or medicine stamp, 50 stamps, one paper or one novel for every 3 revenues, and two papers or two novels for every department stamp.

Rufus O'Farrell, Atlanta, Ga., will give 200 mixed foreign stamps for every 5 Boys of New York sent him whether in running order or not, but must be in fair condition. Reference given.

C. Kromer, P. O. Box 69, Cobleskill, N. Y. I have 4 good watches, all in good running order, to exchange for a bicycle, printing press or type; write what you have with full description and receive the same.

E. W. Clark, Everton, Mo., has Happy Days from No. 115 up to date to exchange for running numbers of the same paper after No. 40, or will trade for best offer in five and ten-cent libraries. Let him hear from those who have papers to exchange. All letters answered promptly. Can give good reference.

Carl D. Cook, Red Oak, Iowa, has Good News from 292 to 347 inclusive to exchange for Happy Days before No. 114; also lots of other books and papers to exchange for Frank Tousey's publications. Reference if wanted. Honesty guaranteed.

R. C. Pierson, 423 Moyer street, Station K, Philadelphia, Pa., has a 4x6 self-inking Caxton printing press with type, cards, cuts, cases, leads, border, electros, etc., to exchange for best offer in a bicycle. Other offers answered.

Charlie Swift, Box 21, Evanston, Ill., has 20 good 5-cent novels and 300 lapel buttons, including flag, actress and comic buttons, and will give 6 buttons or 3 novels for one and every Happy Days sent.

John Olson, 266 Dorchester street, South Boston, Mass., has Happy Days (some back numbers), a \$1 printing press and outfit, and some novels to exchange for stamps, stamp mounts, or blank approval sheets; also would like to hear from anyone having a Bullard's No. 1 or 2. Dealer's stock must be complete. Send stamp for list.

Wm. J. S. Dineen, Jr., 84 Grand street, Brooklyn, N. Y., has a diamond horseshoe pin, Happy Days and 100 other papers, buttons, stamps, photos, books, etc., for best offer in stamp album, electric or photo supplies. All letters answered.

Ralph Langford, 622 South Pryor street, Atlanta, Ga., has Arbuckle signatures to exchange for best offer in foreign stamps.

W. W. Bishop, Madisonville, Ky., would like to hear from anyone who has Hiawatha tobacco sacks or Drummond's Natural Leaf tobacco tags.

F. Marshall Jordan, Seneca, S. C. I will give ten cigarette pictures for any of Frank Reade, Boys' Star or Comic Libraries, 4 United States stamps for one Columbian stamp if over 50 are sent, and 25 Arbuckle signatures for Nos. 132 and 138 to 141 of Frank Reade Library.

Walter Dowell, Box 254, Rochester, Pa., will give three 5-cent novels for every two copies of The Wide Awake Library, Good News to exchange for Nos. 990 to 1,000 of The Boys of New York, and would like to hear from anyone having the complete Jack Harkaway series to exchange.

H. Graves, Royersford, Pa., has 50 copies of Boys of New York (Nos. 888 to 937) to exchange in whole or part.

Wright & Boss, 58 Van Zandt avenue, Newport, R. I., will give one 5-cent novel, 25 foreign stamps, and many other things for each motto, flag or actress button sent them. Send a two-cent stamp for particulars.

Wm. Dodd, 2,246 North 21st street, Philadelphia, Pa., has games, electric bell and other electrical apparatus, books, puzzles, magazines, scroll saw, French microscope, new \$1.50 fife, songs, cigarette pictures, buttons, bicycle bell, simplex typewriter, Happy Days, stamps, colored supplements, and other things to exchange for 5-cent novels or anything useful.

M. Lindsay, 623 Greenwich street, New York City. I have \$2 worth of good reading matter to exchange for best offer in Frank Tousey's publications.

Irving F. Hartwell, 11 Hanover street, Nashua, N. H., has a large number of Happy Days and other boys' papers which he would like to exchange for a pair of drop or ram's horn handle bars, a vim tire, or anything useful.

Fred Campbell, 414 East Washington avenue, Elmira, N. Y. I have a printing press in good order and about 150 tobacco pictures (good for prizes) to exchange for the best offer in Happy Days between Nos. one and 93. All letters or communications answered.

Raymond Young, 409 High street, Easton, Pa., has Happy Days 40 to date (two numbers lost) to exchange for best offer in old United States stamps. Inclose stamp. Also has a New Jersey cent of 1787 to trade.

Rufus O'Farrell, 300 Crew street, Atlanta, Ga. I will give 1,000 two-cent Columbian stamps for Happy Days No. one to date in good condition.

Wm. Dodd, 2,246 North 21st street, Philadelphia, Pa., will give two uncut Happy Days or other story paper or novels or two Boys of New York (Nos. 608 to 740 and 830 to 882) for every 3-cent novels or 2 Happy Days from 115 to 126. Send stamp for list.

William S. Klug, 4 Beverly street, Baltimore, Md., will exchange a font of fancy type for old United States half dimes, dimes, copper cents or half cents. Honest offer. The type is as good as new, and has only been used twice.

Harry G. Clay, Pleasant Hill, Mo., wants postmarks of every town and city in the United States and all foreign countries and makes the following offers on same: One 5-cent novel, 2 lapel buttons, or 25 all different foreign stamps for every five postmarks different and in good condition. Also would like to hear from any person having a good collection of postmarks to trade.

F. Pfannstiehl, 441 West 39th street, New York City, has actress, flag and motto buttons, pearl opera glasses, and set of drawing instruments to exchange for a mandolin, guitar or punching bag.

A. G. Farthing, 180 Maryland street, Buffalo, N. Y., has an engine, skates (No. 8, Happy Days, etc., to trade for the following stamps: Greece, India, China, Egypt, British colonies in the Americas, Africa, Europe, Honduras, Afghanistan, Argentine, Brazil, Chili, Bolivia, Poland, Persia, Finland, Bremen, Bavaria, and Orange Free State. Honest.

Harry Kugler, 409 North Exeter street, Baltimore, Md., has a No. 12 self inking Baltimorean press, size of form 6 1-2x1 1-4, with 8 fonts of type and complete outfit of furniture, cost \$21; also a new Rogers scroll saw, cost \$4.50, to exchange.

J. C. McVey, Lock Box 3, Oswegatchie, N. Y., has books to exchange for a typewriter in good shape or best offer; write quick. Frank Tousey's books especially.

Franklin H. Doherty, 239 Adams street, Rochester, N. Y. I have stamps on sheets to exchange for coins, old bills, Confederate bills, and specimens of woods with bark on 7 inches long and 2 inches in diameter; also bound books wanted. All letters answered.

James McConnochie, 865 Ninth avenue, New York City, has 75 5-cent and 20 10-cent libraries, and will give a 5 cent library for 25 stamps and a 10-cent one for every 40 stamps. Also has 100 flag and 100 actress buttons, and will give one for every ten stamps, and 100 flag or actress buttons for a stamp album. Foreign or United States taken.

G. McIntosh, 25 Oakland street, Brooklyn, N. Y. I have 3,000 two-cent, 100 one-cent, 75 4-cent, and 40 ten-cent stamps to exchange.

Fred W. Diehm, 1,021 Ann street, Newport, Ky., has an Odell typewriter which he wishes to exchange for a good pneumatic tire bicycle or a collection of stamps worth \$50. He also has stamps, reading matter of every description, games, tricks, trick books, type, cuts, etc., to exchange for an 1897 pattern bicycle. Send for list and inclose 2-cent stamp for reply. References furnished if desired.

Alvin L. Snyder, corner Lewis and Morris streets, Charleston, W. Va., has old coins, motto buttons, tobacco tags, one book of 200 old time songs, foreign stamps, Confederate money, and Happy Days to exchange for best offer. All letters answered.

Chester Ralston, Box 712, Vinton, Iowa, has 2,100 2-cent and 300 one-cent Columbian stamps, also about 300 two-cent Columbian envelope stamps (cut square), one song book, one Log Cabin, two Nick Carter and two Diamond Dick Libraries, and photo of McKinley and wife to exchange for Happy Days from one to 10 or 97.

Walter S. Van Derzee, Box 1,800, New York City, has Nos. 395 to 439 and 444 to 460 of Golden Hours, 130 lapel buttons (all different), and one Wizard dime bank to exchange for any two complete volumes of Happy Days before Vol. 5.

Paul Wichman, 5,128 Loomis street, Chicago, Ill., has 100 United States stamps, 20 varieties, five of each kind, from 1861 to 1896—all are fine, picked specimens—will exchange 100 for every stamp catalogued at 50 cents or over; also 50 varieties of good United States stamps (no common) for every stamp worth 75 cents or over. All letters and postals answered.

Sam Golden, 2 French street, Bangor, Me., will give a volume of a story paper for a stamp album, two song sheets and a 25-cent book for 20 cents' worth of stamps, and "Tom Brown's School Days" in The Wide Awake Library for a stamp catalogued at 5 cents.

Bernard Fetzer, 329 E. 46th street, New York City, has Happy Days from No. 84 to date to exchange for a Kombi camera loaded for 25 pictures or best offer. Please send stamp when writing.

A. R. Purcell, Ellis, Kans., has 262 boys' papers, Happy Days Nos. 65 to date in good condition, cloth and paper bound books, games, stamps, and many other things to exchange for a bicycle, punching bag and boxing gloves, or other goods of the same character. All letters answered.

Homer Rodemyre, Box 107, Centralia, Mo., will give one 20-cent stick of theatrical grease paint for 15 flag, actress, bicycle or advertising buttons, or two 5-cent novels for 6—no campaign or mottoes wanted; also 4 different color sticks of paint for set (56) of flag buttons.

W. E. Townsend, 236 Fifth street, Louisville, Ky., has two cells of storage battery in a hard wood case, Porter motor No. 2 with fan, a new nickel plated induction coil, value \$3.50, and Happy Days from one to date to exchange for a Kodak. All letters answered.

Jos. A. Padden, 33 Degraw street, Brooklyn, N. Y., has a Challenge postage stamp album, 8 10-cent hand-books, ten 5-cent and two 25-cent novels, and one trick book to exchange for best offer; will exchange separately if desired. Inclose stamp for reply.

Carl Schrempp, 3,629 French avenue, South St. Louis, Mo., would like to hear from people having Confederate stamps, old coins, and stamps from Liberia, Borneo and Virgin Islands. Good references if wanted. Has a variety of things to exchange.

Edgar Stepath, 154 West 122nd street, New York City. I have a magic lantern with about 30 different plates, also "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Rip Van Winkle" on glass plates which go with the lantern, and a ticket puncher to exchange. Honesty guaranteed. All mail answered.

G. B. Hammer, 87 Sedgwick street, Chicago, Ill., has a lot of Good News, Young Sports, Bright Days, Youths' Companion, etc., to exchange for Happy Days or any of Frank Tousey's publications. Send your list and receive his in return. Anybody having a Whitely exerciser notify him and receive good exchange for it.

A. R. Purcell, Ellis, Kans., has Happy Days Nos. 65 to date, books, games, stamps, skates, and many other things to exchange for any of the following: Stamp album and good collection, bound books, Boys of New York, electric motor, or most anything of any use. All letters answered.

Andrew Beltz, Jr., Box 95, North Lewisburg, Ohio, wants to exchange for Boys' Star Libraries as follows: Nos. 8, 17, 19, 30, 35, 36, 48, 51, 52, 52, 99, 110, 111, 125, 131, 132, 134, 136, 137, 161, 166, 171, 176, 188, 191, 201, 219, 269, 284 and 286. Send stamp for list.

Frank A. Ternetz, 1,845 South 11th street, St. Louis, Mo. I will make an electric shocking machine, value \$3.50, and a battery for Happy Days from 50 to date or best offer.

Ralph Langford, 622 South Pryor street, Atlanta, Ga., has one ticket punch and 5 motto buttons to exchange for best offer in foreign stamps.

Willie Albert, 91 Second avenue, Albany, N. Y. I will exchange 30 5-cent novels for copies of No. 124 of Happy Days as soon as it is issued. Send no less than five at a time. Honest offer. Inclose stamp for answer.

John Donohue, 235 East 51st street, New York City, will exchange Tousey's hand-books, five and ten-cent libraries, magazines, histories, works of fiction, motto, picture and flag buttons, and poems, and poetical works for "Valentine's Manual," Newsboy pictures, and books on old New York.

Edmund Torry, McGrawville, N. Y. For every 6 different postmarks sent me I will give one 5-cent novel, or for every four 25 foreign stamps. Send postmarks and receive novels or stamp by return mail.

E. Lowe, Basnett, W. Va., has 20 5-cent novels to exchange for Happy Days from 82 to 101; also has 100 foreign stamps for every 10 Mail Pouch coupons sent him before May 1st. Send for list of novels. All letters answered.

E. W. Matlack, 2,316 Market street, Wheeling, W. Va., has Golden Weekly Nos. 1 to 140 to exchange.

W. Waterbury, St. Stephen, New Brunswick, Can., has bound books to trade for Young Sleuth or Comic Libraries; also has a collection of stamps in an album, catalogued at \$7, to trade.

Walter Dowell, Rochester, Pa., has a 10-cent novel to exchange for No. 141 of the Young Sleuth Library, and will give three 5-cent novels for every two running numbers of the Jack Harkaway stories; would also like to hear from someone who has the complete series.

Walter Alm, 405 1-2 Wells street, Chicago, Ill. I will give 2 Durham coupons, one book "How to Make a Telephone," one ten-cent Diamond Dick, and 2 James Boys for United States revenue stamps. All letters answered if stamp is included.

J. F. Joachim, 1,908 Linn street, Cincinnati, Ohio. I have Happy Days

The Tired Old Woman.

THERE was an old woman who always was tired. She lived in a house where no help was hired. Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends, I am going. Where sweeping ain't done, nor churning, nor sewing; And everything there will be just to my wishes, For where they don't eat, there's no washing of dishes; And though there the anthems are constantly ringing, I, having no voice, will get rid of the singing. Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never, For I'm going to do nothing forever and ever."

A GREAT CUBAN STORY WILL BEGIN IN NO. 131. TITLE WILL BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK.

[This story commenced in No. 123.]

His Father's Son: OR, The Boy With a Bad Name.

By C. LITTLE,

Author of "Count Charlie," "Jack, Jerry and Joe," "My Chum Charlie," "Ed, the Errand Boy," "The Blue Mask," "Lost on a Raft," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

HAROLD'S LUCKY FIND.

THE sight of the blazing bed seemed to infuriate the madman all the more.

He shouted and yelled, and went tearing about the room at a tremendous rate, waving his arms, snapping his fingers, stamping his feet, and making a dreadful din.

Now, there is nothing like excitement to restore a man's failing strength.

A moment before Mr. Conklin threw the lighted lamp upon the bed, Harold tried to get up and fell back from sheer weakness, pretty sure that his last hour had come.

Now he sprang to his feet in a hurry, forgetting all about his wound.

"Give me the bag!" yelled the cashier, making a rush for him. "Give me the bag, Harold! Duchy Moore shan't get it! No, he shan't!"

Harold dodged and flung the bag out through the open window.

"Ah, ha! You would, would you?" screamed the cashier. "I'll kill you for that, my boy."

He jumped upon Harold and seized him by the throat.

Of course the wounded boy could not stand up against him.

Down he went on the floor with Conklin on top.

Still clutching his throat, the cashier shook him as a dog would shake a rat, choking him until he was black in the face, and beating his head against the boards.

It would have been all over with poor Harold in short order if help had not been near at hand.

Fortunately it was so.

Already hurried footsteps had been heard on the stairs, and right in the height of the struggle Duchy Moore and Dick Johnson came bursting into the room.

"Save me, Dick! Save me!" Harold was just able to gasp.

They rushed on the madman, but were not able to reach him, for the instant he caught sight of them he let go his hold, sprang up, made one leap through the window, and was gone.

It was the last Harold knew for some moments.

When he came to himself, he was outside, lying on the grass, with Dick bending over him.

The clearing was as light as day, the whole heavens being illuminated with the burning hut, which was now a mass of flames.

Dick gave a shout of joy when Harold opened his eyes and looked at him.

"He's alive, Duchy—he's alive!" he cried.

"Why, of course I'm alive," murmured Harold. "Help me up, Dick. I ain't going to die yet, old man."

"Not a bit of it!" cried Duchy, running up. "That's the talk, Harold! You only fainted, and no wonder. Here, stand him on his feet, Dick! He'll be all right in a minute. Lucky thing for you, Harold, that me and Dick came over here to have a search for the money on our own hook. By time, you'd have been roasted alive if we hadn't turned up as we did."

While he rattled on Duchy helped Dick to lift Harold up.

No very difficult task either, for strength was already returning to the boy, and they found that he could stand well enough.

"Where's Mr. Conklin?" he asked.

"Gone—blest if I know where. He jumped out the window and was off like a streak of greased lightning," Duchy replied.

"There was something else—a bag—"

"Is this it?" asked Dick.

To be sure it was, and the money was in it all right.

They opened it then and there, and Duchy's eyes grew big when he saw that it was stuffed with packages of bills.

Of course, there was a lot of explaining to be done, and Harold went right at it, seeming to develop strength as he talked.

Meanwhile, the hut burned away and nobody paid any attention to it.

Dick was too much interested in Harold's story to care what became of the old wreck.

"Oh, Harold!" he cried, "see what you would have missed if you had gone away; but what am I saying? Perhaps it would have saved your life. Your wound may be more serious than you think."

"I don't believe it," said Harold. "I feel quite myself again; we'll get right over to Dillsburg and let Dr. Walton examine it, but first we must try and find out what became of Mapes."

"I wouldn't," said Duchy. "Take my advice and don't you do anything of the kind. Let him shift for himself; he's as big a scoundrel as ever went unhung."

But Harold would not hear to this.

Following the direction he had taken when he ran away from the hole as nearly as possible, they tried to find the store-keeper, but did not succeed.

At last they came out upon the cove where Harold had seen the boat. It was no longer there, so they came to the conclusion that Mapes could not have been very badly hurt after all.

"His kind don't die easy," declared Duchy Moore. "I've no doubt he's taken his boat and gone home."

"Which we must do now," said Dick. "Harold, you must give it up and let me take you across to Dillsburg. Your life may depend upon it—who can tell?"

"I'll stay," said Duchy. "I want to see if I can't catch Conklin. I can come back in the boat Dick and I came over in, which is around on the other side of the island. You go on, boys, and never mind me."

"I shall never forget you, that's one sure thing," said Harold. "Duchy, shake hands. There'll be something in this for you for this night's work, if I ever get on my feet again."

Tears came to Duchy's eyes as he pressed Harold's hand.

"I don't want nothing but this," he said. "I feel more of a man than I've done this two years. Take him home, Dick, and I'll keep right on working. If I can catch Conklin and bring him over to Dillsburg it will be a big thing."

So they parted, Dick supporting Harold as they walked slowly along the shore, until they came to the point.

Will Faxon's boat was where Harold left it, and when Dick opened the cuddy, there was the iron box, undisturbed.

When the boys reached Dillsburg it was almost morning, and Dick positively insisted that they should ring Dr. Walton up.

But Harold wouldn't have it.

"We'll go to the room," he said. "I don't want to disturb the doctor, and I don't believe there is any necessity for it. Besides I want to open the box."

So to the room they went, and Dick helped Harold to undress and the wound was examined.

It proved to be a mere scratch, just as Mr. Conklin had said.

"Pshaw! It's nothing!" declared Harold; "tie it up, Dick, and I'll get into bed; open my trunk and you'll find father's bunch of keys on the left hand side of the top tray; I've no doubt the key of this box is on the ring."

Dick lost no time in obeying, for he was dying with curiosity to see the inside of the box.

Dick took the box in his lap after he got into bed, and tried key after key, and at last struck the right one; the lock snapped, and the lid flew up; an oblong package, wrapped around in oil silk, lay inside, with a folded paper on top.

Keeping Dick still in suspense about the contents of the package, Harold unfolded the paper, held it up to the light, and read as follows:

To MY SON, HAROLD HOLLY:

"The money in this box, amounting to \$40,000, is the exact sum received from the sale of my timber lands in Minnesota. As I am somewhat involved in my business affairs, and do not desire to beggar you, I have decided to bury this box until the High School is finished. I hope to straighten myself out with the profits on that contract; but should I die before I have accomplished this I desire that you should distribute this money equally among my creditors, reserving ten per cent. for yourself, to which you are justly entitled for the efficient services which you have rendered in keeping my accounts for the last two years."

JOHN HOLLY.

"P. S.—Should this be found by accident by anyone but my son, I can only trust to the honor of the finder to deliver the box with the contents undisturbed to him to whom it rightfully belongs."

J. H."

"Hooray!" cried Dick. "This ought to put you on your feet, Harold. Anyway, you'll have four thousand dollars to help you out of your hole."

"Not four cents," said Harold. "Father died owing fifty-two thousand dollars. I shall divide this money among the creditors and not keep a nickel for myself; then I'd like to meet the man who dares to sneer at me because I am my father's son!"

CHAPTER XX.

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

By eight o'clock next morning Harold was at Dr. Walton's door.

He was weak and nervous, but otherwise his wound seemed likely to give him little trouble.

The good old doctor could scarcely contain himself when his protege told his exciting story and exhibited the box and the bag.

"Harold, you are a boy in a thousand!" he exclaimed. "I'm proud of you, and I'm sure Kate will be when she comes to hear all this. The money in the bag shall go to Judge Ramsey immediately, and if he doesn't have the charge against you quashed I'll never speak to him again. As for the rest, I'll take charge of it, if you will allow me, and call your father's creditors together with the least possible delay."

"Then you approve of my plan, doctor?" asked Harold.

"Entirely, my boy. It is the only honest course. As to your wound, don't you worry; it will be well in a day or two. I'll see that a search is made for Mr. Conklin, and there is no doubt that we will have him safe in Dillsburg before night. Now you go over and tell Mr. Fortescue about all this, for he has the right to know."

Harold would have liked very much to get a sight of Kate's sweet face, but the doctor said nothing about calling her, so he started down town.

"Has the tide really turned?" he thought, as he walked along.

"What will people say when they know I have done this? If they will only stop their everlasting talk against my poor father, I don't care what they say about me."

He soon had the opportunity to find out what one of his father's creditors had to say, and that was Mr. Fortescue, for with Dick to manage the boat for him, Harold went across the river and was fortunate enough to find the rich man at home.

"Well, well! About time you came!" exclaimed Mr. Fortescue, when he entered the library, into which Harold had been shown by the servant. "You're a pretty fellow! Where have you been?"

"Been, sir!" stammered Harold, blushing. "I—I didn't know—"

"Didn't know that you had to see me. Well, you didn't have to, but it would have paid you and saved you some worry, no doubt. So you ran away from Risley, did you? You'd better have staid."

"Perhaps you don't know how I was treated, sir!"

"Yes, I did! I know all about it. The committee called here last night. Do you suppose that business men are to be downed by a mob? Do you think for a moment that my bond is to be rejected and I not kick? You don't know those gentlemen, and you don't know me. The Risley town hall awaits you, Harold Holly. Why don't you go to work?"

Poor Harold!

He almost lost his wits as the old man rattled away.

"Do you mean to say I've got the contract?" he stammered.

"Why, certainly I do. You were the lowest bidder—and the committee have got my bond. They'll stand by you if it takes a regiment of soldiers to keep off the mob! Great heavens! young man, you mustn't be so sensitive; by this time you ought to be pretty well used to being told that you are your father's son."

Harold's eyes flashed.

"And I'm proud of it!" he cried. "I've got something to tell you, Mr. Fortescue—something which will surprise you, and let you understand that my poor father was by no means the cheat and swindler that so many suppose."

Surprised Mr. Fortescue certainly was, when Harold told his story, which was listened to with the closest attention, but the only comment he made was a half audible grunt.

He walked over to his desk and began writing.

Harold, who never knew how to take him, watched him in silence until he swung round in his chair.

"I hope you approve of my plan, sir," he then ventured. "You spoke once of my father having swindled you out of twenty thousand dollars. You stand on his books as a creditor for five thousand; as to the rest—"

"Hold on, Harold, you don't know what you are talking about," broke in Mr. Fortescue. "The twenty thousand is an old matter; I've crossed it out long ago. The five thousand is a legitimate debt, and I shall insist that my proportion of the

money you have found shall be paid to the party to whom I have assigned the claim."

"It certainly shall be, sir. Then you do approve of my course?"

"Fully! Your stock has gone up a hundred points in my estimation."

"Who is the party you have assigned to, sir? If you will give me his name I will hand it to Dr. Walton, who is going to take charge of this affair."

"Here it is," replied Mr. Fortescue, handing Harold the paper which he had just been writing.

And Harold read as follows:

"I hereby assign my claim against the estate of John Holly for the sum of five thousand dollars to Harold Holly, of Dillsburg. Value received."

Such was the paper; date and signature were attached; Harold turned as red as a poppy; his voice trembled as he handed it back.

"I—I can't accept it, Mr. Fortescue. I really can't!" he murmured.

"Can't—you must!" cried the millionaire, jumping up, snatching away the assignment and jamming it into Harold's coat pocket. "Don't you be a fool, boy! you can't help yourself if I choose to assign. Now get along with you and build the Risley town hall. I'm busy and have no more time to talk."

Had the tide turned?

Harold's steps were light as he hurried back to the boat.

Dick threw up his hat at the good news.

"I knew it!" he cried. "I told you we were in too big a hurry to give up. Now, we'll make the Dillsburg people open their eyes."

But when they reached Dillsburg they found that the people had something else to think about.

There was a big crowd around the post office when Harold and Dick came up the street.

"Wonder what's the matter?" queried Dick.

They paused, for someone was speaking to the crowd in a loud voice.

"I tell you, gentlemen, we owe it to him to give our confidence again," the voice shouted. "This playing fast and loose is unworthy of the town! That boy has been made a martyr, but he has shown himself a man! I say, now that the opportunity offers, let us give Harold Holly back his contract, which never should have been taken away from him, and never would have been if I had had my way."

"Oh, Harold!" whispered Dick. "That's Judge Ramsey! Do you hear what he says?"

"Hush!" said Harold. "Let's get away!" But it was not to be.

Just then the crowd caught sight of him.

"Here he is! Here he is! Here's Harold now!" they cried, and they all turned upon the boy, crowding around him so that he could not escape.

Had the tide turned?

Had it actually turned at last?

"Three cheers for Judge Ramsey!" they shouted. "Hooray for Harold Holly!"

"Give him back the contract, judge! He never robbed the workingman!"

CHAPTER XXI.

STILL TROUBLE COMES.

"COME here, Harold. I want you." It was Judge Ramsey who called.

Even if Harold had not been disposed to yield, he would have been forced into it, for the crowd closed around him and passed the boy from one to another, until he stood alongside the judge, who seized his hand and shook it warmly.

Then others got hold of him.

Nearly every member of the school committee was present, and everyone wanted to shake.

"We've heard all about it, my boy," cried the judge. "The doctor has published the news all over town, and Mapes has run away. Harold, you're a brick! You've saved the Dillsburg bank, and you have redeemed your father's name."

Harold found himself so confused that he could not utter a word, and indeed Judge Ramsey did not give him the chance.

"Gentlemen of the school committee!" he cried. "We are all present here, let's have a meeting. Those in favor say aye!"

"Aye!" shouted the committee, the crowd which was increasing every moment joining in with a mighty roar.

"I move that the High School committee transfer the building contract to Harold Holly!" cried the judge, "and I move you further, gentlemen, that the contract be awarded without bonds. All those in favor say aye!"

Then there was another roar.

"Speech! Speech!" yelled the crowd, as Harold stood blushing and looking very much confused.

It had to be, but it took all Harold's self-control to steady his voice to speak.

"Fellow townsmen, you have taken me entirely by surprise," he began; "I—I hardly know how to thank you for this display of confidence, and all I can say is that if I take the contract for the High School again I shall try to do what I always did, and that is my best; but I—"

"Hold on, Harold," broke in the judge, "you've got to take it—understand that?"

"You must! You shall!" shouted the crowd.

"But what has become of Mr. Plankman?" Harold broke out. "I don't understand this at all."

"Why, haven't you heard?" said the judge. "Plankman got his payment last night, and he has run away—deserted his family and left all the men unpaid."

The cat was out of the bag at last.

Of this, of course, Harold had heard nothing.

Nor had the Dillsburg people heard of Harold's success at Risley, and when it came to their ears he was congratulated on every hand.

Old friends who had not spoken to him since his father's death, now came crowding around him, full of offers of help and sympathy.

MARVELOUS was the change which Dr. Walton's announcement had brought about.

The next day Harold started work on the High School bright and early, and at noon, leaving Murphy in charge, went up to Risley to meet the town hall committee.

He was most cordially received, for the news of the doings in Dillsburg had traveled up the river. It would have been hard to find any one willing to admit that he had belonged to the mob, and before Harold left town he had the contract signed, sealed and delivered, snugly resting in his pocket.

Next day the drummers for the material men came crowding into town.

This was a surprise to Harold, for he had expected trouble in this direction.

He was deeply moved when he found that Mr. Fortescue had written to each firm offering his name as security for any indebtedness Harold Holly might contract.

"I'll show myself worthy of all this confidence," resolved the boy, and during the next two weeks he worked with a will, making wonderful headway on the school, and actually getting his excavating for the foundation entirely completed up at Risley.

But it was hard work, and kept Harold on the jump.

During all this time nothing was heard of either Mr. Conklin or Duchy Moore.

It was every morning at Dillsburg, and every afternoon at Risley.

One night, when he landed at the wharf on his return to Dillsburg, Harold found himself in trouble again.

Dick, who always went up with him, was just handing up a parcel out of the boat, when a rough hand seized Harold by the collar and jerked him violently around.

Harold dropped the parcel and faced about, to find himself in the clutches of Detective Mulvey and another man.

"Ha, ha, young feller! Just the man we want!" sneered Mulvey. "I s'pose you know the grand jury have indicted you for the bank robbery. My orders are to run you down to Whitmanville and lock you up in jail!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DON'T FAIL TO START YOUR COLLECTION OF FLAG, PRESIDENT AND GENERAL BUTTONS. SEE 16TH PAGE.

(This story commenced in No. 124.)

THE "THREE FRIENDS:" OR, THE CUBAN JUNTA'S YANKEE DEAD SHOT.

A STORY OF THE FAMOUS BLOCKADE
RUNNER.

By CASTON CARNE,

Author of "Maceo's Boys," "Cal Carter, the Boy Lawyer," "Young Karl Kruger," "Maceo's Boy Guerrillas," "Two Yankee Boys Among the Kaffirs," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH THE DEAD SHOT REACHES
GOMEZ'S CAMP.

WHEN Horace uttered the word "never" he stepped back and drew his revolver. Burns, Boyle and Arcas did likewise, to the astonishment of the insurgent captain, who exclaimed:

"You will be shot to death if you resist."

"In that case we will die with arms in our hands," Horace retorted. "I won't give up my arms to anybody. We have come here with a message to General Gomez. Is this part of his force?"

"It is, but you can't go to him with arms in your hands."

"I won't go to him in any other way. I am an American sent to him by the Junta in New York with important dispatches. I don't know that you are insurgents. I won't give up my arms. If you want them take them."

"Captain," said Don Miguel, "I am well known to his excellency. Take me to him. I have no arms. I can explain it to him."

"Lieutenant, take this man to the general, and tell him I have others of his party here who refuse to give up their arms."

The lieutenant went away with Don Miguel, and the captain turned fiercely on Horace with:

"I'd like to shoot you, señor."

"Which desire speaks very little for your love of Cuba," returned Horace. "There are plenty of Spaniards on whom to exercise your prowess. Why not save your wrath for them?"

"I shall keep some of it for you, señor."

Horace laughed.

Quick as a flash he raised his machete to strike him.

Horace caught it on the barrel of his rifle, breaking it in two pieces.

"Captain, you will be court-martialed to-morrow," said Arcas. "You don't know what you have done."

"Who are you, señor?" cried the enraged captain, turning on the Cuban.

"I am a Cuban, you fool!" said Arcas.

"If you are anxious to fight, get another machete and try it on me."

Somehow the idea got into his head that he had gone too far. Arcas had mentioned court-martial and the words worried him. He turned away and asked one of the men to get him another machete. One was not convenient, so he waited in moody silence for the return of his lieutenant from headquarters.

In the meantime the mother and daughter stood by and heard all that passed. Boyle and Burns stood ready to use their weapons at the first hostile movement on the part of the swarthy insurgents.

The lieutenant finally returned with the order for the captain himself to conduct the party to headquarters at once. Horace smiled when he heard it, and the party set out at once. Their arms were not demanded again.

They found the old general awaiting them at his quarters. He had been in bed, but arose and dressed himself as soon as he heard that Don Miguel Plavano was at the door. He knew the Don well as the most influential man in Matanzas province. Horace was presented to him by the Don. The general looked him full in the face for a few moments, and then extended his hand toward him. Horace drew a packet from a pocket inside the breast of his coat and passed it to him. Then they clasped hands, and a signal grip electrified the old warrior.

"Ah! Ah!" he ejaculated. "Comrade Barbour, I am glad to see you. I salute you!" and he gave the young American a salute such as none of his staff had ever seen him give to more than one person before, and that other one was the President of the Cuban Republic.

Horace returned the salute with easy grace, whereupon the old general bowed to Don Miguel, saying:

"Pardon me, Don Miguel, but I am compelled to look over these dispatches. My chief of staff will see that quarters are provided for yourself and family. I shall do myself the honor of paying my respects to the ladies in the morning."

The Don bowed low to him. The general bowed low to Horace and then retired with the packet to an inner room.

Don Miguel was puzzled over the respect paid the young American by the old warrior. Senora and Senorita Plavano looked up at him with awe plainly depicted in their faces. The captain of the guard was thunderstruck. He understood then why Senor Arcas had mentioned court-martial to him.

As the general had given him no orders, he went away with his soldiers.

The chief of staff had procured quarters for Don Miguel and his wife and daughter, in the house of a citizen near the general's headquarters. They bade Horace good-night and went away with a guide. Horace, Burns and Boyle were then provided with beds in one room, while Senor Arcas was given quarters in another place.

The next morning Horace was up early. He wanted to see the camp and army of the old warrior, who had been more than a match for the best generals of Spain. He found it a queer camp indeed. There were but few tents to be seen, and the soldiers he saw were as unlike soldiers as any band of men he had ever heard of. There were men of every color of the human race there, nearly all armed with the machete. Even

those who had rifles carried the national weapon. There were no uniforms save among the officers, and theirs were simply to designate their rank. For all that, they looked like a crowd of men who were spoiling for a fight. Spanish officers feared them more than they did the trained soldiers of Europe, for they were men who could appear and vanish at unexpected points, always terrible in combat, and as savage in battle as so many jungle tigers.

While he was going about the camp with his Winchester on his shoulder, the swarthy fellows eyed him curiously on account of his dress, for there were very few men in camp so well dressed who did not wear an officer's sword.

"What sort of a gun is that, señor?" an insurgent soldier asked him.

"It is a Winchester," he replied.

The man had never heard the name before. He asked permission to examine it. Horace showed it to him, explained its mechanism, but did not let it pass out of his hands.

"How far will it shoot, señor?"

"I can kill a man a mile off with it," he replied.

The man laughed.

"They say the Mauser rifle will do the same thing, but it is never done," he remarked, shaking his head. "No man can hit anything so far except by mere accident."

"Why not?" Horace asked.

"I don't know, señor. I've never seen or heard of it being done."

"Well, you people down here don't know much about what goes on in other parts of the world. Hang up your hat half a mile away and I'll make a hole in it for you."

"I would let you shoot at me all day at that distance, señor," laughed the swarthy fellow.

"There would be a dead fool at the first shot," Horace remarked.

"Maybe so, señor. But I've heard men boast before. I know them when I hear them."

By that time a score of swarthy fellows were around him.

"You take us all for fools, señor," remarked another, "but you make a mistake. We know a few things down here, eh, comrades?"

"Si!" chorused the crowd.

"I don't take you for fools. I know you to be brave men—good soldiers, but poor shots. How far is it to that old dead tree on that hill out there?" and he pointed to a huge old tree, gnarled and leafless, standing plainly to view in the distance.

They looked at it and consulted among themselves for some minutes, after which they agreed that it was a little over a half mile away.

"Well, I'll show you how to shoot and prove to you that you don't know very much about it. Do you see that knot on the limb out on the right?"

"Si, señor," they all replied.

"Well, keep your eye on it. Maybe you can see bark or dust fly from it," and then he adjusted the long range sight of his rifle. Turning to a man who was smoking a native cigar, he asked him to blow smoke straight above his head. The man did so, and it drifted slowly in the direction of the old tree.

"Thank you, señor," and he raised the rifle to his shoulders. But ere he aimed, he saw two crows flying toward the tree. He waited a few seconds till they perched on a limb near the top. "I'll take a crow instead of the knot," he said, aiming and firing.

One of the crows dropped straight to the ground.

CHAPTER XVII.

TEACHING AN ARMY HOW TO SHOOT.

Ere the Cubans could recover from their astonishment at the shot, Horace turned and walked away. He was met by a messenger from headquarters who told him the general was waiting for him.

He hurried on and met Burns on the way.

"I've just given those fellows a sample shot," he said to the Tennessean, "and they are probably declaring that I have a pull with the evil one."

Burns laughed and started to go on and enjoy their surprise. But Horace interfered, saying:

"You can't understand them. Don't go among them without an interpreter."

"Where are you going now?"

"The general has sent for me."

"Had you breakfast?"

"No—have you?"

"No, and I am very hungry too."

"Come on with me then. Where is Boyle?"

"I left him in the room where we slept."

"Guess he's hungry too."

"Guess he is," laughed Burns.

They met Boyle ere they got to headquarters, and all three were taken charge of by a staff officer, and conducted to a breakfast set for them in a house attached to the general's quarters.

The meal over, the general sent for Horace, and had an hour's conference with him

in a private room. The secret of that conference is yet confined to those two. That it was important in many respects is proved by what followed.

"You must let the men see you shoot at once, comrade," the general said to him, as they emerged from the room.

"I shall do whatever your excellency may command," Horace replied.

"Thanks, Comrade," the general said.

One of the staff came in at that moment and reported that the men were very much excited over a shot made by Señor Barbour half an hour before.

"Call out every man to witness some more of it," the commander-in-chief ordered.

Soon every regiment and company was in line.

General Gomez and his staff, accompanied by Horace, Burns and Boyle, rode down the line.

What a motley crowd they were!

But they were brave fellows who were willing to face the enemy at any time, day or night.

They cheered the old warrior as he rode by, and wondered who the newcomers were.

After they had ridden down the line they turned and rode back to the center. There the old general, on whom depended the hopes of Cuba, stopped and addressed them.

"Soldiers of Cuba!" he sung out in a clear, ringing voice. "The Junta in New York has sent us to our comrade Barbour and his rifle. He has brought two friends with him, Senors Burns and Boyle. They are to show you how to make Cuba the burial ground of Spanish soldiers. Down the line and beyond stands the image of a Spanish soldier against a tree. The suit is stuffed with leaves, and on his breast is a target. There is no man in our ranks who can hit it at such a distance. A thousand shots might be fired in vain, and so much good ammunition lost to our cause. Comrade Barbour will fire ten shots at it in your presence, that you may see what can be done by a man when he tries. I know that a man can learn to do anything. Cubans are brave men, and if they were also good marksmen, I would lead 1,000 of them against 10,000 Spaniards. Now, Comrade Barbour."

Horace dismounted and adjusted the sight on his rifle. The men looked on in breathless silence. He took a quick aim and fired. The ten shots were delivered inside of two minutes. The two men took the stuffed suit and bore it slowly along the line that every soldier might see the bullet holes in the target, which was marked out on the breast of the suit.

Every bullet had gone true to the mark, and the exclamations of wonder were heard all along the line.

When it was brought to the old warrior to inspect he took off his hat to Horace, who saluted him as a soldier.

"Senor Arcas says that a Spanish cavalry company of 60 men were defeated by them—these three men—yesterday morning at the plantation of Don Miguel Plavano," the general said, "and that more than one half of them were killed. Comrade Barbour will explain to you how to become good shots like himself. It is part of his mission to us to do so."

Horace held his rifle in his left hand, and spoke in a clear voice that was heard by all.

"At no other time does a man shoot so carelessly as in battle," he said. "Thousands of shots are fired that do no harm to the enemy. It is all because men do not aim. They fire in the direction of the enemy and trust to fortune. Of all people who fought for liberty you Cubans have less ammunition to throw away. Without powder and lead your rifles are of little use to you. With skilled marksmanship the long range rifle, like the Mauser, Winchester and others, it is the best arm in the world. The secret is this, Cubans: Learn to shoot well, and then never pull your trigger till you are sure of your aim. Give me two rifles like this and of a company of fifty men, charging at full speed half a mile away, not one could get to me. I can shoot from ten to twenty times a minute, and make every bullet count for one dead man. At long range learn to judge distances and raise the sight to that point. Then, if the wind is blowing right or left of you, you must consider that. One thousand dead shots can whip ten thousand of the best soldiers in the world. Every man can become a dead shot if he tries hard, for a man can learn to do anything. Weyler has learned how to claim a victory for Spanish arms that was won by your machetes. That is the fine art of lying. If you will learn the fine art of shooting you will free Cuba and place her among the nations of the earth, for she is the richest island in all the world."

The Cubans cheered wildly.

"Now I am going to give every man who has a rifle here one lesson in marksmanship. That will be one round of ammunition to each man. Your captains will detail twenty men at a time to come to me. I will explain to each one how to use his

rifle, and let him have one shot at a target the size of a man, a quarter of a mile away."

The first company in the line sent him twenty men. Horace took each man's gun, examined it, arranged the sights, explained how he must aim, and told him to fire. The result of his shot was shown to him in the target.

It was wonderful how readily they caught on to his system. Some of them made splendid shots. To each man he said:

"Never pull your trigger till you see what you are shooting at. When you see it, aim right at it and fire. No army can stand very long before a fire that makes each shot count."

The entire day was spent at the work, and some hundreds of men had taken the lesson and fired one round.

General Gomez was pleased. He said it was the best guarantee of success that had yet appeared. Once during the day Horace shot a buzzard on the wing half a mile away, and killed it. Gomez himself exclaimed:

"Diablos! I never saw anything like it! He is a marvel."

Don Miguel Plavano was a witness part of the time. Cardenas was with the commander-in-chief, and the deference with which he was treated convinced Horace that he was a man of authority in the councils of the Junta.

When the work of the day was done the men in camp regarded Horace as the greatest soldier of the age. They were men who knew little of the world—had read little, and traveled less. They looked at practical results, and his shooting meant the success of their rebellion.

Just as he reached headquarters a staff officer said to Horace:

"The captain of the guard where you came in last night is under arrest, caused by the complaint of Senor Arcas. He is to be tried by court-martial in the morning, and it is necessary that you should appear there and make a statement."

"I am sorry it has come to that, colonel. The man thought he was doing his duty."

"No doubt of that, but it seems he was insolent in his way when he should have been considerate."

"He is hot-headed, and was angered by my refusal to give up my arms."

"Well, you can explain all that to the court in the morning," said the officer. "The commander-in-chief is very much incensed against him."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DOOMED BATTERY.

IN the evening Horace spent another hour with Cardenas and the commander-in-chief in a private room, and even Burns and Boyle were surprised at it. When he came out he sought an interview with Don Miguel Plavano, to whom he said:

"Don Miguel, I crave permission to pay my respects to Senor and Senorita Plavano."

"They will be glad to see you, senor. Come with me," and he led him to the house where they were quartered. He bowed low to both mother and daughter, kissing the hand of each, saying:

"Though I have been very busy, it has been the longest day I ever knew, as it kept me from your presence."

"Senor, you are as expert with your tongue as with your rifle," remarked the mother.

"Thanks, senora. Whatever I have to do I try to do well. You wouldn't have me miss with my tongue, would you?"

They laughed heartily, but the senora said:

"It is bad to miss the truth."

"Si, senora, hence I aim well. I vouch for the truth when I say I have had but one desire in my heart all day—to pay my respects to you and the senorita here."

"It is no use, mother," laughed Mercedes; "those Americanos are great flatterers. But we are glad to see you, Senor Barbour, for it has been a long, long day for us too. We are in the midst of strangers—in a military camp where women are in the way. Many officers have called on us, but we missed you."

"Thanks, senorita. That goes right to my heart," and he bowed low to the beautiful girl. "You see, senora, how well she can use her tongue. As for her eyes, a glance from them is—"

"Oh, senor!" cried Mercedes, laughing, "tell us of your plans. What are you going to do? Are you going to stay here?"

"I don't know, senorita. I shall spend a few days teaching the men how to use their arms. Then I may leave—to follow your command."

"Why, I have no command, senor!"

"You can command me, senorita." The mother and daughter looked at each other.

"You say you can leave when you are through here, senor?" the senora asked.

"Si, senora." "We wish to go to the United States. Can you take us there?"

"I can try, senora."

"That is all we could ask, senor."

"I shall serve you with all the loyalty and zeal of my nature, senora."

He spent an hour with the mother and daughter. At times he felt like hinting to the former to leave the room and let him talk to the senorita as his heart prompted him. But he well knew the Cuban custom. Cuban girls were not allowed the freedom of American girls. He was madly in love with her and she with him, but both controlled their passion in the presence of the maternal parent.

When he slept that night, he dreamed of the dark-eyed beauty.

But the next day was even a more busy one than the preceding one had been. He began early, and worked incessantly till darkness came on again. Fully 500 men had taken the lesson in marksmanship. Some of them made wonderful shots, and they were eager to try their skill on a Spanish soldier.

Thus passed several days, and at last every man with a rifle had taken a lesson in shooting. They believed themselves invincible, and longed to be led against the hated enemy.

Suddenly the news came that a Spanish column was advancing in the province, laying waste the country as they moved. The commander-in-chief detailed General Calixta with one thousand men to meet and drive them back. Calixta was a gallant officer, and he asked Horace to go with him on his staff.

"With my two friends, Burns and Boyle?" Horace asked.

"Yes, senor." Horace told them, and Boyle almost whooped for joy.

He was spoiling for a brush with the enemy.

The command was soon off—one thousand men with rifles and machetes. Every man had taken a lesson in marksmanship. The machete they were already skilled in the use of.

They didn't know where they were going, but they knew that it was to meet the enemy somewhere, hence were satisfied.

On the second day out the scouts brought in the news that a Spanish column of 2,000 men were coming along the highway. Calixta was a brave man, and also a very prudent man. He did not feel like giving battle to double his own force, hence he called a halt.

"General, they have two batteries, I hear," said Horace.

"Yes—the scouts so report."

"Well, if you take a position where the batteries will be exposed, I promise you a victory."

"How so, senor?"

"We can keep those cannon quiet during the fight by picking off every man who goes about them."

"Indeed, senor?"

"Yes, general."

"Then we will fall back to the open fields we passed a mile or two behind."

"Yes—that is a good place."

The movement was soon made and the men placed in line of battle.

The men were eager to try their skill on the enemy. Their officers had to forbid them to fire before ordered to do so.

"Obey orders under all circumstances," said the general, "and don't fire till you are sure of your man."

The enemy soon discovered the insurgents, and a company of cavalry charged upon them to feel their strength.

They felt it.

A volley nearly destroyed them, and the survivors fled helter skelter back to the main body. Then it was that one of the batteries was sent forward to shell the insurgents' position.

The moment they unlimbered, Horace and Burns and Boyle began firing.

Every man who went near one of the guns was downed. The insurgents saw them as they fell, and made the welkin ring with:

"Cuba Libre! Viva Americanos!"

General Calixta sat on his horse and watched the fight through a field-glass.

Man after man went down under the deadly aim of the three men. The enemy deployed a regiment on the left to charge the insurgents' position. Calixta called out to his men:

"They are coming on our left. Stand firm and aim well when the order to fire is given. Then repeat it—always aiming at your man—till ordered to cease firing."

The men glared at the Spanish column like so many tigers preparing to spring upon their prey.

Suddenly the order was given. The Cubans leveled their rifles, aimed and fired. Half the regiment seemed hit. The entire line was thrown into confusion. A second volley sent them flying. They had never before met such a destructive blast. They seemed to think all the rebellious forces on the island had fired into them. Their officers were frantic in their efforts to rally them. But not until they retired behind the battery could they be formed again.

Then they sent out a regiment on the right. It met with the same reception. Calixta sat calmly on his horse with his glass,

watching the fight. Bullets whistled all around him. Some of the men in the line were hit. But the grim looking Cubans stood firm, awaiting orders. They felt their power.

"Viva Americanos!" rolled along the line as dead and dying Spaniards continued to pile up around that doomed battery. Horace and his three companions, for a Cuban had joined them, kept steadily pumping lead into them.

Suddenly the Cuban was hit.

He was standing by the side of Burns when he fell—shot through the head. Three bullets passed through Horace's clothes, and two through his hat. Burns and Boyle were also targets, but neither were hit.

"Senor Barbour, this is a glorious day for Cuba," said the general, going to his side to speak to him.

"Get back, general," Horace said to him. "Their sharp-shooters are trying to drive us away."

"But they can't hit anybody."

Horace pointed to the dead Cuban on the ground almost at his feet, and kept his eye on that battery.

"Can you hold that battery?" the general asked.

"I think we can, general. It will cost them dear to take it away. We have killed every horse belonging to it."

They made a rush to get the battery away, but failed. Their men fell all around it.

"Stand firm, Cubans!" cried Calixta. "They are coming again! Aim well and wait for orders! This is Cuba's day! Ready now—fire!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANOTHER GRAND CUBAN STORY BY CASTON CARNE WILL COMMENCE IN NO. 131. DON'T FAIL TO READ IT.

[This story commenced in No. 125.]

THE Board of Trade Boys; OR, THE YOUNG GRAIN SPECULATORS OF CHICAGO.

By P. T. RAYMOND,

Author of "The Boys of Black Bay," "Running the Line," "The Winning Wheel," "The Business Boys of Blyburne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOE STELLMEYER MAKES A MISTAKE.

WILL'S first act after leaving Joe Stellmeyer was to try and find Jim to tell him what was in the wind and arrange a plan of action, which was to engage a detective from the Ashland avenue station to follow them to the elevator.

The detective was one he knew perfectly well, being, in fact, the same hired to hunt up the shabby man in black.

But Jim was nowhere to be found.

Will looked among the dancers, in the smoking-room, in the gentleman's dressing-room, but no Jim.

Time was now too valuable to be wasted.

Will started for Mr. Rockingham's room, where there was a telephone.

The Plunger had not yet put in an appearance at the party, important business engagements having detained him downtown, but this made no difference to Will, for he felt himself thoroughly at home in the house.

So he telephoned the station and was fortunate enough to get Detective Munsell on the wire.

When he hung up the receiver he had the satisfaction of knowing that the detective had already started for elevator G.

Will flew down-stairs, expecting to meet Joe Stellmeyer in the hall.

Instead of the tricky lawyer, the first person he saw was Nina gliding out of the ballroom.

As she caught sight of him she threw up both hands in surprise.

"Oh, Will! What does this mean?" she whispered. "I thought you had gone! I saw you get into the carriage with Joe Stellmeyer not three minutes ago."

Here was a dilemma.

"It's Jim!" gasped Will. "And he'd know the first thing about it. What is to be done?"

"Quick, Will! Call the police! Follow them up or there'll be murder! Don't lose a moment! Oh, I was sure it was you."

Will rushed for the dressing room for his hat and coat and was out of the house in less than two minutes, his mind filled with a thousand fears.

In spite of his boast to the shabby man

in black, Joe Stellmeyer fell into his blunder as easily as a duck drops into the nearest pond.

It came about in this way.

The heat of the rooms becoming very oppressive to Jim, giving him a slight headache, he slipped on his hat and coat and went out on the street for a breath of fresh air.

Of course he was entirely unconscious of Will's discovery, but as luck would have it, he came down the stoop just as the hack Joe Stellmeyer had engaged drew up at the curb.

Joe jumped out and beckoned to him.

"All ready, Will," he said, in a low voice; "step right in."

"Ready for what?" asked Jim, coolly.

"Ready for what? What in thunder is the matter with you? Ain't we going down to the elevator? Were we going to talk over the Hoffmeister matter or weren't we? Are you full or am I?"

For the first time since his acquaintance with Will, Jim doubted him.

Was Will up to something—some secret deal? Had he found the missing papers and said nothing about it?

The thought came to Jim like a crushing blow.

"He mistakes me for Will; I must know what this means," flashed through his mind.

"Oh, we are to go to the elevator, are we?" he said, aloud. "Well, I'm ready, but how are we to get back?"

"I'll drive you back, never you fear!" replied Stellmeyer. "In with you if you are going."

Jim stepped into the hack, Joe Stellmeyer springing in after him and slamming the door.

"Now we can talk," he said, in a satisfied tone, as the hack rolled away. "Come, Will, make a short story of it. You've got the Hoffmeister stock, haven't you?"

"What makes you think I have?" asked Jim, coolly.

"Pshaw! I heard all that happened to you and that chum of yours in the elevator the other night. I know that the stock was found, and that you got it away from the man who found it—you see you can't fool me."

"Upon my word I don't think I shall waste any time trying," replied Jim; "but allowing that I have the stock, what then?"

"I'll buy it."

"How much money?"

"You've got all your father originally held?"

"For argument's sake I'll say yes, but remember I admit nothing."

"Admit whatever you like, I have a client who wants the stock. He has authorized me to give twenty thousand dollars for it, providing it's all straight. Of course I should have to see it first to make sure."

"I'll take your offer under consideration."

"But I want an answer now."

"Can't give it. I must talk to my partner first."

"Your partner? Didn't know you had one!"

"Yes."

"That fellow Wilson?"

"Yes."

"Since when was he your partner?"

"Since this afternoon about five o'clock. What do you think of him?"

"What do I think of him? How do I know anything about him? He looks enough like you to be your twin brother, although, of course, I have no trouble in telling you apart."

"Certainly not."

"We've been acquainted too many years for me to make any mistake."

"Of course."

"Say, Will, what's he got to do with the stock? Decide now."

"No, I can't."

"I'll raise you five thousand."

"No."

"Come, I'll go to the end of my rope; I'll raise you ten thousand."

"Won't do it till I've talked it over."

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A New CUBAN STORY,
 By Gaston Garne,
IN No. 131.
 SEE TITLE IN NEXT NUMBER.

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Name and Address.	No. of Coupons.
Leo Lutz, 1,208 Michigan Street, Buffalo, N. Y.	40
W. Harvey Beagle, 48 Main Avenue, Ocean Grove, N. J.	29
A. Ellis, 408 13th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.	27
Banks Ormond, care of J. L. Chalifoux & Co., Birmingham, Ala.	26
Albert Topp, Fort Plain, N. Y.	24

THE NEXT NUMBER

Will contain the names of the Five Camera Winners for the week ending March 6th.

[This story commenced in No. 127.]

The Spy of Spuyten Duyvil;

OR,

THE BOY WITH A CHARMED LIFE.**A STORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.**

By RALPH MORTON,

Author of "Rupert of Roanoke," "The Dead Shot Rangers," "The Girl He Left Behind," "Percy Greville," "The Rapidan Rangers," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

"SO AM I, MY LORD!"

WHEN the seamen rushed upon the disguised sergeant they fully believed they were protecting the apple girl from a brute. They had heard her scream and saw her

Jared went up and joined the crowd just as the sergeant was getting upon his feet. He was in a terribly battered condition, and his clothes had fared badly, too. He was also in a towering rage.

"Oh, the meddling idiots!" he cried, in his wrath. "She was a spy in disguise—a



"HERE'S SOME BREAD AND VENISON," SHE SAID, HANDING HIM A PACKAGE. HE TOOK IT, AND THEN WHISPERED: "GIVE ME THE NOTE AGAIN." HIS VOICE WAS SO LOW SHE COULD NOT RECOGNIZE IT. SHE HANDED HIM THE NOTE. "RUN BACK TO THE HOUSE—SOMEONE IS COMING," HE WHISPERED. SHE DARTED AWAY IN AN INSTANT.

slap his face. What better proof could they need? The sergeant had no chance to make explanations. He was knocked down, disarmed and beaten, kicked and thumped till he was more dead than alive.

Then the seamen dispersed and left him lying in the street. Some of them looked around for the apple girl, but she was gone. They did not expect her to stay there after the treatment she had received, so they returned to their ships to avoid trouble with the authorities, conscious that they had done that which was right and proper under the circumstances.

In the meantime the young spy had gone into an alley up in the next block, to get out of sight of those who had seen him. In the rear of one of the buildings was an empty house. He darted into that and hastily proceeded to make a change in his disguise. He dropped the dress and bonnet and appeared in the garb of an old man. By facial contortion and a stoop he had the appearance of a man of sixty. An old hat that came down almost over his ears added much to the venerable air of his disguise.

In less than five minutes he was out on the street again, minus basket, dress and bonnet, walking with a stoop and a touch of lumbago in his back.

"I'll go back and see how the sergeant fared," he remarked to himself.

Quite a crowd had gathered about the sergeant as he pulled himself together. He hadn't a friend among them, for as each man came up he was told what had happened, and the comment, "Served him right!" immediately followed the information.

man—the rebel Spy of Spuyten Duyvil—and you helped him to get away!"

"I had nothing to do with it," said one man, a citizen, "but I saw it all. You can't make me believe that apple girl was a man," and he shook his head.

"Nor me, either," said another. "I think I know a woman when I hear her scream. I have a wife and daughters."

The crowd laughed at and jeered him, and he grew more violent in his denunciation of the men who interfered with him. His language was more forcible than polite.

"My friend, one would think you were a rebel from the way you swear at the king's seamen. How do we know you are not one?"

"Yes—how do we know!" cried a half dozen at once. "You may be one—the spy himself, for all we know."

"You can find out if you want to know," Duncan retorted.

"I am too old to bother about such things. Were I as young as you are, I would have the king's uniform on my back and a musket in my hands, instead of going about in citizen's clothes, and talking as you do."

"That's it," cried others. "Give it to him. He may be a rebel himself!"

Several soldiers came along who didn't know the sergeant, and stopped to see what had drawn the crowd there. They soon learned what had happened, and one asked the sergeant who he was. He told them.

"Ah! That Spuyten Duyvil spy played you a trick the other day, did he not, at the 'Pewter Mug' tavern?" said the soldier.

"Yes, and I had him cornered again just awhile ago, and fools had to help him get away."

"Well, it seems he is making a fool of you," remarked the soldier. "I'd quit and go back to the mess if I were you. You don't seem to know how to catch a spy."

Again the crowd laughed, and the old man with the stoop chuckled as heartily as any of them. But no one seemed to notice him, and he soon moved about like one accustomed to do so every day.

The sergeant went at once to the commandant of the post and made his report.

"In the lines again disguised as an apple girl, eh?" said the provost. "You never seem able to arrest him, sergeant."

"It won't happen again, sir. I missed him before because two soldiers interfered. This time a dozen sailors took a hand in it. The next time I see him I'll call out the army and navy."

"You may get him then."

"I don't know, sir. The army didn't get him the other night. I hear Captain Wilkes is dead, sir."

"Yes—killed by a pitchfork."

"It seems the army has done no better than I have, colonel."

"No. I'll send out the alarm for the apple girl."

In a little while the city was being searched for an Irish girl with a basket of apples. The searchers went about in twos. Two of them repaired to the "Pewter Mug" tavern, and spent the day there. Down at the Battery the old man with the stoop met two of them.

"Have you seen an apple girl about here?" one of them asked him.

"Yes. I saw one with some sailors a while ago going up Front street."

The two soldiers hurried off up Front street in an eager search for the "apple girl."

In the meantime he saw a party of officers of high rank approaching. He soon saw that they belonged to both army and navy.

"Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Howe, or I am dreaming!" muttered the spy, as he looked at the group of officers. "I'll see where they are going, anyway," and he followed.

But he didn't have to go very far. A boat was waiting for the commander of the fleet, and Lord Howe had come down to meet it. Sir Henry had accompanied him to the water's edge.

"Well, good luck to you anyway," said Lord Howe, extending his hand to Sir Henry. "Sorry I can't go with you."

(Continued on page 11.)

This story commenced in No. 125.

TONY THE TORMENT;

OR,
KEEPING THE VILLAGE ALIVE.

By TOM TEASER,

Author of "Muldoon in Search of a Cousin," "Mortimer Merry," "Fred Frollick," "Our Willie," "Muldoon in Chicago," etc., etc.

PART V.
For a minute there threatened to be a regular scrap between those two old girls. The crowd hoped there would be. They were getting so that they liked excitement. Tony wanted to see the fun too.

"That'll dew ye," snickered Si Higgins, "but we seen ye, all the same." Foggs sniffed.

"H'm!" he said. "Everybody knows that you're the biggest liar in town, Higgins."

"Mebby I be," returned Higgins, not at all abashed, "but we seen ye, fur all that."

The old fellow's obstinacy simply aroused theirs, and it became a question of who could hold out the longest.

Somebody told the widow that Foggs denied having ever met her, or started to present her with a bunch of flowers.

"Oh, he does, does he?" snorted Sours. "Well, I didn't get 'em, certainly, because he was blind and mistook that dried-up old maid for me. Must have been blind to take her for me! He intended to give me the roses anyhow, and that's enough for me. I s'pose he'll deny he serenaded me next!"

"He does."

"Oh, he does? Well, I'll give him a chance to tell his story in court next, and we'll see if he'll deny things that everybody knows there. If he does, he's a bigger liar and a braver man than I think he is."

Things promised to be pretty lively for Foggs if they went on as they had been going.

rounds, lemonade, ice cream, swings, kissing games and all," he thought.

"Oh, doctor, I feel so ill!" chirped the widow, as she flopped into a chair.

"H'm, you do, eh!" snorted the supposed doctor. "What seems to be the matter with you?"

"Oh, I don't know, but I feel awfully sick."

"Anything in the nature of *magnum bonum* or *lapsus linguae*, my dear madam? Those diseases are quite prevalent now-a-days."

"Dear me, you don't say so, doctor?"

"Yes, quite so. Anything like either of them?"

"Well, no. I guess not, but I feel awful sick," and the silly old girl groaned and looked like a sick cat.

"H'm! perhaps it's a case of *non sequitur*, or of *non compos mentis*, or of *e pluribus unum*. They are all rather dangerous."

"Oh, dear, do you think so?" cackled the widow, alarmed by the supposed doctor's Latin, which was really meaningless, but which greatly rattled her. I didn't think it was anything so bad as that."

"Wait a moment and I'll tell you just what it is," said the bogus doctor, looking wise. "I think I know."

Then he got down a book and looked into it.

"H'm, you don't sleep well?"

"No, I don't, doctor."

She lied, for she could discount the Seven Sleepers, and always had to be called a dozen times in the morning.

"Ha, don't eat much, either, do you?" asked Tony, severely, glaring from the book to the patient.

"No, doctor, I don't, scarcely anything." There she lied again, for she ate like a horse.

Why, even that morning she had eaten a dish of ham and eggs, a saucer of oatmeal, a fried fish, some warmed over beans and four slices of bread, and had taken three cups of coffee.

The doctor seemed to want her to say she had no appetite, and so she did.

"H'm, h'm!" and the pretended physician looked more owlishly solemn than ever.

"Is it a very bad case, doctor?" whined the widow.

"I think so. Put out your tongue."

The widow ran out about three inches of red tongue.

She had lots more than that.

That would do for a starter, she thought.

"Ha, just as I thought. You have the *ignis fatuus*. I'll show you just what I mean."

Then the imitation medico thumped the bell for Joe, the colored factotum.

In came that worthy in a short time.

"Jew ring fo' me, sah?"

"Yes," and the doctor got up.

"Stand up," he said to the widow.

The widow stood.

"Put out your tongue," the doctor said to Joe.

"But I isn't sick, doctah."

"Put out your tongue, I say."

Out it came.

"Further out."

Joe ran out an inch or so more of tongue.

"There, you can see his tongue, can't you?"

She couldn't very well help seeing it, there was so much.

"But he hasn't got all those things, has he, doctor?" asked she.

"No, and I'm going to show you the difference. Put out your tongue."

She put it out again.

The false physician stood between the two.

He had a long lead pencil in his hand and looked solemn.

First he rapped Joe's tongue with the pencil.

"Ouch!"

Then he whacked the widow's, but not so hard.

"Ouch!"

"Put out your tongues!"

"Yas'r, but wha' fo' yo' does dat?"

"Put out your tongue I tell you. I'm experimenting."

Out came the two tongues.

"Further. I can't see 'em."

Those two gulls nearly choked in their efforts to get their tongues further out.

Then Tony whacked them both again.

"Wow!" said Joe.

"Ouch!" said Sours.

"There! You will observe the difference. If you had said 'wow,' I would have known that you were all right."

"Is it very bad to say 'Ouch,' doctor?" sniveled the widow.

"Put out your tongue—away out!"

The widow complied.

"Put out yours, you black villain!"

Joe complied also.

"H'm! Now I will try another experiment," said Tony, glaring at the two who were looking fixedly at him, their tongues extended to the limit.

Joe began to shake.

The widow groaned.

"Put out your tongue!"

"Golly, Marse Doctah, I'se got it o't as far as I kin."



"PUT OUT YOUR TONGUES!" "YAS'R, BUT WHA' FO' YO' DOES DAT?" "PUT OUT YOUR TONGUE I TELL YOU. I'M EXPERIMENTING." OUT CAME THE TWO TONGUES. "FURTHER. I CAN'T SEE 'EM." THOSE TWO GULLS NEARLY CHOKED IN THEIR EFFORTS TO GET THEIR TONGUES FURTHER OUT.

He didn't dare stay, however. "You give me them roses," said the widow.

"I won't do it!" snapped Betsey Ann.

"They were meant for me."

"Then why didn't you get 'em?"

"Because Mr. Foggs lost his glasses."

"Well, he found his senses!"

"When he hasn't his glasses, he's blind."

"He must be blind to think anything of you!"

"Don't you talk like that to me, Betsey Ann Perkins!"

"You can't stop me talking, Sarah Jane Sours!"

"Them's my roses."

"Let's see you get 'em."

The crowd laughed.

And made remarks.

The circus was just fun to them.

Mrs. Sours stuck up her nose.

"Keep the roses," she said. "I can get lots more where those came from."

Then she walked off with a triumphant look.

The old maid didn't mind that so long as she had secured the roses.

The next time the crowd saw Foggs they guyed him most unmercifully.

It didn't make any difference his denying that he had given roses to the old maid.

They had all seen him do it and now he was simply trying to crawl.

Foggs on his part declared that they were all liars and had made up the story for campaign purposes.

"I wouldn't go near a woman, much less give her roses," he snorted. "I wouldn't care if there wasn't a woman in town."

"Of course we did," put in Bill Porter. "I was there myself."

The old bachelor wouldn't give in even then.

"Huh! everybody knows that you're half cracked," he said to Bill. "You just imagined it."

"But I didn't imagine it," said the store-keeper. "I was there and saw the whole business."

Still Foggs would not give up his case.

He was an obstinate old duffer.

"Oh, rats!" he said. "You're backing up Higgins and Porter so as to keep their trade. I know you. You'd lie to save a cent any day."

"Well, the judge and the doctor and the deacon saw you, and they'll say the same thing!" snorted the other, getting mad.

"Wouldn't believe any of 'em," returned Foggs. "I know what I do and what I don't do, and nobody can persuade me that I did a thing that I know I didn't, and that settles it!"

It settled it only as far as he was concerned.

It did not settle it with the rest.

They had seen certain things, or believed that they had, and the evidence of their senses was all the evidence they wanted.

The more Foggs denied the thing the more they thought he was lying.

Or if he wasn't lying, he was trying to crawl to keep from being made fun of.

If he had acknowledged the corn in the first place, or had said nothing about it, he wouldn't have got it so bad.

The jokers would have laughed a little, and would have then let it go at that.

About this time the doctor had to go off to the other end of town to perform a difficult surgical operation, which would take him pretty nearly all day to get through with.

His wife happened to be busy when he left the house and knew nothing about it.

Tony did, however.

The patient sent his own carriage for the doctor, and that's why Joe did not have to go away as he usually did.

In fact, Joe knew nothing of the affair, being busy in the barn at the time.

Tony was the only one who got on to his father's going away.

During the forenoon he fixed himself up as the old gentleman and went into the office.

Patients might call, as they sometimes did, and he wanted to have some fun.

Lots of persons called on the doctor who were not really sick, and Tony knew this.

He had seen them lots of times, and knew that his father just humbugged them to keep their practice.

If anybody called who was really ill, Tony meant to get out of it somehow.

Well, he made himself up as the doctor and went into the office.

He did not have long to wait before there was a call.

It proved to be from Mrs. Sours, who came in looking very gay.

She wasn't sick at all, but she thought she was.

Perhaps she wanted an excuse to be with a man.

When Tony saw her he chuckled to himself.

"Here's a picnic, brass band, merry-go-

"Stop your noise and put out your tongue."

Out came that red flannel tongue again. It looked for all the world like a chunk of liver.

"Now I'm going to try another experiment," said the fake sawbones. "I am going to run a red-hot needle through your tongue and see—"

"Oo—oo-wow!"

"Oh, doctor!"
"Fo' Heaben's sake, Marse Doctah, I don' wan' ter be 'perimented on dat away," said Joe.

"Oh, doctor, do you really think it's necessary?" stammered the widow. "I think that would be awful. Why, I couldn't talk!"

"You have got it very bad," said Tony. "If you didn't have, you would have said the same thing that Joe did."

"Huh! Glad I ain' got nuffin' de mat-tah wif me!" muttered the coon.

"Really, doctor?" whined the widow, like a sick poodle.

"Stick out your tongues again."

"But, doctor, you ain't going to put hot needles or—"

"Do as I tell you, you old jay."

Out came the widow's tongue.

Then Tony looked wise again.

Then he whacked the widow's talking apparatus.

"Wee—ee—owl!"

"Stick out your tongue, you old crocodile!"

"But, doctor—"

"Stick it out, I tell you! Who's got charge of this case, you or me?"

Out it came again.

Biff!

It got another crack.

"Ouch!"

"Stick it out, I tell you."

"Yes, but you—"

"Out with it!"

The old girl had to mind.

She was too scared to do otherwise.

Then she got another crack.

"Ouch, doctor! You hurt!" she sniveled.

"That'll do. That proves conclusively that you're a very sick woman. You observed that Joe made no sounds whatever, while you cut up like a cat in a fit."

"Oh, doctor, do you think—"

"If Joe had not been well, he would have made the same outeries you did, but you will remember that he made no sounds whatever."

"Golly, dat am strange!" said the coon.

"What is strange, sir?" demanded the pretended M. D., in a severe tone.

"Dat I didn't make no noise."

"Not at all, sir, not at all."

"But I never eben knowed yo' hit me, sah. I jus' didn't feel no sensashums whatever, sah."

"You see?" asked Tony, turning to the rattled widow. "He felt no sensation whatever. That shows you that he is all right."

"Yo' bet I is," muttered Joe.

"That will do," said Tony. "You can go now, sir."

Joe went.

He was glad to go.

He thought he had got off easy.

By the way the doctor was acting that day he had expected to get it worse.

"I don' wan' no red hot needles stuck fro my tongue," he muttered, "eben of it am a 'periment. Ef de doctah wan's ter show Mis' Sours dat she am sick, let him try him 'periments on her, not on dis fella!"

"I jus' done got ter wonderin' what am de mattah wif de doctah dese yer days. He am got ter doin' de mos' stranges' tings dese times. I jus' spect he ain' right in him haid, or else he am tryin' ting' dat I never heerd tell on befo' in de medical pur-fessum."

Meanwhile the pseudo doctor was hav-ing fun with the widow in the office.

"My dear madam," he said, when Joe had skipped, "you have a most aggravated case of *ipse dixit* and *hic jacet* combined. I want you to follow my directions implic-itly, or you'll be dead before you're thirty."

"Oh, doctor!" simpered the widow.

She was past fifty then.

"You must go home and go to bed and stay there till I call."

"Yes, doctor?"

"But first you must soak your feet for five hours in mustard and water."

"Five hours, doctor?"

"Five hours, and then at the same time you must drink hot ice water, a glassful every fifteen minutes."

"But, doctor, how can I drink hot ice water?"

"The same way you drink anything, you old fool, with your mouth of course."

"Yes, but, doctor, how can I get hot ice water?"

"Why, take some ice and make it hot, and then put it in water, of course. Any idiot ought to know that much."

"Oh!" said the widow.

She didn't dare to get mad at the doctor. If she did he might give up her case and that would be dreadful.

"Another thing," said Tony.

"Yes?"

"Yes. You must eat three plates of clear soup with a fork. Your appetite must be built up."

"Eat soup with a fork, doctor? Why, I can't!"

"All right, then, go and die. If you don't eat it with a fork, it won't do you any good."

"All right, doctor," whimpered the old girl.

"And another thing," said Dr. Tony, looking fierce.

"Yes, doctor?"

"You must chew fourteen egg shells, two lumps of chalk, and three toothpicks. That's to build up your system."

"Yes?"

"Now, don't forget the mustard and water, the hot ice, the fork and the soup, and above all, stay in bed until I call."

"Oh, thank you, doctor, very much."

"Now, get out, you old crow, or I'll throw a brick at you. Your face gives me a pain."

The widow got out very sudden.

"How eccentric the doctor is getting, to be sure," she mused, when she got away. "Most men make love to me, but he don't. He, he, te, he."

Tony had had fun enough for once, so he skipped out and got into his own face and togs once more.

Away went the widow, and obeyed instructions as far as she could.

The people in the house thought that she was crazier than ever.

They asked her what she did such queer things for, and she said that she was only obeying her doctor's instructions.

"Dr. Tompkins told me to do so, and I'm going to do it," she said.

"H'm, I always did think Dr. Tompkins was cracked, and now I know it," said the housekeeper.

And the real doctor never knew a thing about it.

Not until the next day at least.

It was along in the afternoon when a messenger came from the widow's.

The messenger was a girl with a sun bonnet and freckles, a snub nose and a short dress.

"Mis' Sours says y'u're tew come right stret over tew aour haouse, kawse she ain't no better'n she was yes'day," said the girl.

"Ah! Is Mrs. Sours sick, then?"

"Course she be, an' she was sick yes'day, tew, when she come over."

"But I wasn't here yesterday."

"Wall, I dunno nawthin' abaut that, but Mis' Sours she says fur tew come over right naow anyhow, 'cause she's dretful bad."

The doctor went.

Tony asked to go along.

He wanted to see the fun.

His pop thought he was in search of information.

That pleased him very much.

"Why, certainly, Anthony, you may go with me," he said, relaxing much of the usual severity of his manner. "I am really pleased to see you take an interest in things of this sort."

If he had only known Tony's real reasons for wanting to go to see the widow.

He didn't.

It was as well for Tony that he did not.

Off they went in the carriage, for the doctor was too pompous and too dignified to go on foot.

It wasn't far to the widow's, but he rode all the same.

Arrived at the house, he stalked up the walk, thumping his gold-headed cane at every step, and shedding dignity all around.

The housekeeper admitted him, and told him he could go right up to Mrs. Sours' room, for she was expecting him.

"The young man will wait down here, I suppose?" continued the woman.

She was supposing a lot on her own responsibility.

The young man would do nothing of the kind.

He meant to get all the fun out of this thing that there was to be extracted.

"Oh, no, my son is interested in the case and wishes to learn," said the doctor.

"He will accompany me."

"Well, but I don't think Mrs. Sours expected—"

"It doesn't matter," said the doctor, freezing, "what Mrs. Sours expects. I usually conduct my cases in my own way. Come, my son."

There would be fun when that mad old widow got foul of the doctor, and Tony knew it.

That's what he wanted to see.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BOARD OF TRADE BOYS.

(Continued from page 7.)

But there seemed no chance unless he exposed his hand.

"No matter," he thought. "We will go to the elevator. The watchman will be there, and I'll have him to back me up anyhow. I'll let this man, whoever he is, play his game out to the end."

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM THE COLD HAND OF DEATH.

JIM WILSON was as brave a fellow as there was in the whole city of Chicago.

To say that he felt the least fear of his companion would be anything but the truth, and yet being of a quiet, retiring nature, he would have heartily wished that he had never entered the hack, had it not been that he felt that he had made a great discovery.

All thought that Will Young was playing a double game with him was now banished.

Jim could only see in this a plot against his partner.

He felt that important disclosures were sure to be the outcome of shrewd action on his part.

"What we want is to get at the man who is at the bottom of all this," he thought; "if it is Dillmeyer we want to know it, and if I keep cool I'm going to find out."

The hack was almost at the elevator by this time.

Joe Stellmeyer had changed his tactics.

Dropping the matter of the stock entirely, he began to talk of anything and everything; things that Will probably knew all about, but of which Jim was entirely ignorant.

He was still at it when the hack stopped at the elevator.

"I'll hold him until I can telephone to Rockingham for Will," thought Jim. "Peter must lend me a hand."

But there was no Peter visible when they entered the office of the elevator, although the door stood open and the gas was burning brightly inside.

"Excuse me a minute," said Jim, looking around. "I want to speak a word to the watchman—probably he has stepped out into the elevator. I'll be right back."

"Don't keep me waiting long, Will," scowled Stellmeyer, and he turned the key in the outer door.

Jim saw this significant action, but he said nothing.

Opening the door which led into the elevator, he was about to pass through it when a man suddenly sprang out of the shadows, and clapping both hands on his shoulders, forced him back into the office again.

"You stay right where you are, young feller!" he hissed. "We mean business! Look down this!"

He threw Jim from him and presented a cocked revolver.

It was the shabby man in black!

Of course the boy instantly recognized him.

Stellmeyer stood by smiling sardonically.

"You see there's to be no monkey business in this matter, Will," he said. "If you'll accept my offer, well and good, if not, there's going to be trouble. It remains for you to choose."

"What trouble, for instance?" asked Jim, pale but perfectly cool.

"Don't tempt me too far. The money will be forthcoming if you sign the transfer and deliver us up the stock."

"Oh, I thought you were willing to wait for the stock until my father's estate is settled."

"No; we want it now."

"Very good. You've got the best of me!"

"Then you yield?"

"I suppose I've got to."

"Not a doubt of it. Peter, the watchman, has left the building; we are here alone. I tell you frankly, Will, that we are acting under orders; we intend to kill you if you don't yield to our demands."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" replied Jim, as cool as ever. "If that's the case, I'll have to give up; just ask your friend to put up that revolver while I open the safe."

"Open it. I'll look out for him."

"Won't do it. I ain't going to take the chances of turning my back."

"Oh, put it up to satisfy him," said Stellmeyer, and the man in black pocketed the weapon.

Jim bent over the safe and worked the combination.

"Here you are," he said, handing out a long envelope, thick with a lot of unimportant invoices of goods, which he had bought for repairs on the elevator.

Stellmeyer seized the envelope eagerly, and the man in black turned his head to look.

This was Jim's chance—just what he had counted on. There was a new revolver in one of the pigeon holes of the safe, and he seized it and turned on his enemies.

"Throw up your hands!" he shouted.

"By heavens I'm in dead earnest! Throw up your hands!"

Stellmeyer, who was a perfect coward, turned deathly pale and threw up his hands in a hurry.

Bang, bang, bang!

At the same instant a furious pounding began on the outer door, following closely

a low thief in such a situation might lay his hands on.

The man had evidently been dead some time, and furthermore, we may as well state right here, that the coroner subsequently decided that he died suddenly of heart disease.

That he had been engaged in examining the stock at the time death overtook him was certain; the stump of a candle lying on the floor, close to his left hand, showed where the light came from, and how near Jim's elevator came to going up in smoke.

But all would have been plainer to the Board of Trade Boys if either of them had seen that mysterious hand come in under the door, and cover the stock on the night they had their stirring encounter with the man in black.

No doubt the tramp, seeing his opportunity to steal, had taken it, but as neither of the boys did see the hand the matter was all a mystery to them when they returned to the office.

Joe Stellmeyer awaited them there a prisoner.

"Say, Will," he whined, looking at Jim, "don't be hard on a fellow; let up, won't you? I'll give the whole snap away."

"My name ain't Will," replied Jim, coldly.

"Oh, bags! It don't make no difference. You two fellows are so much alike I can't tell you apart. You're the one who came here with me I suppose? Let up on me, won't you—say?"

This time he appealed to Will, who puzled him still further by replying:

"I didn't come here with you, Joe Stellmeyer—that's as sure as my name is Will Young and that we used to go to school together."

The prisoner was in despair.

"Well, anyhow, this will ruin me," he groaned. "Let up, can't you? I'll make it worth your while."

"Will you tell me who put you up to this?" asked Will.

"Yes, I will. Did you catch Ik Thorne?"

"Meaning your partner in this deal?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Oh, yes, we've got him all right," lied the detective, with a chuckle.

"You'd better listen to him," he whispered, drawing Will to one side. "I know this Ik Thorne. If he's your shabby man in black, I can arrest him any time; but the law is slow, boss. Take my advice and make your deal with this fellow if you can."

"Can you dispose of the policeman for us if we decided to let him go?" asked Will.

"Why certainly, providing you come down with the dust."

"Of course; I'll fix that all right. I'll have a talk with him anyhow. Suppose you take the officers outside."

"Well, Joel. What have you got to say for yourself?" asked Will, when he and Jim found themselves alone with their prisoner.

"Will you let up on me if I speak?"

"Yes."

"Will I trust you?"

"Say what you've got to say. I'm dead onto you, Joe Stellmeyer. I heard every word you and your man said in Mr. Rockingham's conservatory this evening, and I ain't the only one who heard it. There are two witnesses to prove that you intended to kill me."

"I was hired to do it, Will, and I'll say this: I'm sorry I ever went into the matter. I never would have seen you harmed, that's sure."

"Who hired you?"

"Solomon Dillmeyer."

"Ah! I thought so!"

"He's down on you, Will, and he means to get your stock away from you if he can. I suppose you know you hold a little over a quarter interest in the Hoffmeister partners. It's a big thing."

"Of course I know. Are you Dillmeyer's attorney, Joe?"

"Well, I've done some work for him, yes."

"Do you know the names of the other stock holders in the company?"

"Certainly I do. I can give you a complete list right now. Go light on me, Will. I've lost a lot of money at faro lately, and between that and hard drinking, I've become desperate. Let up on me and I'll turn over a new leaf."

Of course Will yielded in the end.

He was too kind hearted to do otherwise. So it ended in Detective Munsell and his officers going one way, and Joe Stellmeyer another.

"No arrests," was Will's order, and none were made.

Bright and early next morning there was a coroner's inquest for the Board of Trade boys to attend.

Will and Jim briefly testified that they had accidentally discovered the body in the cellar of their elevator the night before, but not a hint of the details of the affair came out.

Will was on the Board at the opening as usual, and half an hour later Dillmeyer came in.

Will thought he looked startled as he caught sight of him.

But if it was really so, the Jew instantly controlled himself.

"Ah, how you vas, Meester Young?" he said, extending his fat paw with his usual friendliness.

"Right up to date," replied Will, shaking hands.

"Glad to hear it! You go to Mees Rockingham's bardy last night? How you enjoy yourself? Huh?"

"Never better; by the way, Dillmeyer, do you want to sell your stock in the Hoffmeister Hoisting Co., because if you do, I'm prepared to make you an offer?"

It was too much even for the Jew.

"Vat you mean?" he demanded, turning pale. "I vas bresident of dot concern—vy I sell?"

"Why," replied Will, slowly, "because I mean to force you out if you don't go of your own accord. Remember what I say, Dillmeyer. I mean it. I'll have you out of that concern inside of two weeks, just as sure as we are standing here on the floor of the Board of Trade!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAPPY DAYS HAS ALREADY GIVEN AWAY NINETY-FIVE BICYCLES. ARE YOU TRYING FOR ONE IN THE SERIES NOW RUNNING? SEE 16th PAGE.

The Spy of Spuyten Duyvil.

(Continued from page 8.)

"So am I, my lord," replied Sir Henry, as he shook his hand. "I think we shall have things our own way this time."

"I hope you may not be disappointed, Sir Henry."

"I am unable to even imagine a failure, my lord."

Lord Howe entered the boat and was rowed out to one of the largest ships in the fleet, whilst Sir Henry turned with his staff and made his way back to his headquarters.

"That means that they don't expect to meet again soon—that Sir Henry is going somewhere, and Lord Howe can't co-operate with him. That means up the country. It means, too, that I must get over the river before morning and report to General Wayne."

The spy muttered to himself, and proceeded to move along up to Broadway at a pretty good pace for an old man with a stoop.

"Sorry I can't go by and see Freda," he muttered, as he walked along, "but I haven't time now. I must get back as soon as I can. It looks as if a move was about to be made by Sir Henry. I'll go up as far as old Peter Hardway's place and wait there till night. None of them will know me in this make-up. Wonder how that captain is since that little pitchfork fight the other evening? Guess the old man wouldn't be glad to see me, so I won't introduce myself to him as Jared Holmes. Maybe he'll sell me a supper, for I must get one somewhere. John Bowles lives a mile out of my way, or I'd go there."

He trudged along patiently, never once forgetting the stoop or the gait of the old man whose character he had assumed. No one seemed to notice him, and so, just as sunset came on, he reached the Hardway place.

Mrs. Hardway and Jane were milking the cows at the barn, and the old man and Zeke were feeding the horses. Old Peter's face was a study. Both eyes were in the deepest mourning, and his nose bore evidence of disrespectful usage.

CHAPTER VIII.

KATE HARDWAY AND THE SPY.

OLD PETER HARDWAY saw the old man, with the stoop, stop at the barn gate, and greeted him with:

"Good-evening, sir."

"Good-evening," returned the visitor. "Can you sell me a supper? I am going up to my son's place, above Kingsbridge, and can't get there till long after supper time."

"I guess we can, sir, if my wife will take the trouble on her hands. She is the cook."

"You can have all you wish, sir," said the wife, who was milking at the moment.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the visitor, mopping his brow with a dirty handkerchief.

"What's the news down in the city?" old Peter asked.

"They say they have caught that Spy of Spuyten Duyvil, sir."

"Eh! What!" gasped the old man.

"They say they caught the Spuyten Duyvil Spy this afternoon. He was dressed up as a woman and was selling apples from a basket."

"Well, thank the Lord for that!" exclaimed the old farmer, tossing a pitchfork into a manure heap. "That's the best news I've heard since the war began."

Jane stood like one petrified, her face

white as a sheet, whilst her eyes seemed to reveal a soul steeped in desolation.

"I hope it isn't true," said Mrs. Hardway, stopping her work to look up at the man at the gate. "They will hang him if they catch him."

"Of course they will. Hanging is too good for him," said old Peter.

"You are a loyal kingsman, I see," remarked the visitor.

"It isn't that, sir. Do you see those marks on my face?"

"Yes," and the visitor looked him full in the face. "What made them?"

"That Spuyten Duyvil Spy. He was here in this barn the other evening, a little later than this, and when I ordered him to leave he attacked me. That's why I say hanging is too good for him. If they hang him I'll go down and see him swing."

"He must be a dangerous youth."

"Dangerous! Yes, and vicious. He is a bad man!"

"He is but a boy yet," said Mrs. Hardway. "I know his mother. He is good to her, and is a friend of our son, who is with Washington. Mr. Hardway kicked him, and that made him mad. I guess he'd like to see somebody hang him for kicking him. Men are very often unjust to each other."

"He is a brave man," said Jane, speaking for the first time, "and I hope it is not true that they have caught him."

"Oh, my wife and daughters are his friends," remarked old Peter, "but I'll shoot him if he ever comes round my place again."

"That would be murder."

"Yes, but they don't call it murder in these times," and the vindictive old farmer shook his head in a way that showed plainly his conscience would not bother him in the least about it.

When the milking was done, the old man took two pails of milk to the house, his wife going with him. Jane came some dozen paces behind with one pail.

"Let me carry it for you, miss," the visitor said, as he waited for her to overtake him. She said nothing, and he took the pail from her.

"Oh, sir, is it really true that they have caught him?" she asked.

"Caught who?"

"Jared Holmes—the spy."

"No. He got away."

She caught her breath.

"Did you see him?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes."

"And you are sure he got away?"

"Yes, I am Jared," and he used his natural voice.

"Oh!" and she looked hard at him. He smiled, and said:

"I ran into an old building and dropped the dress and basket, coming out as an old man. They won't hang me yet awhile."

"Oh, but they will catch you some day, if—if you don't stop it."

"I am not afraid of being caught. Why, I saw Sir Henry and Lord Howe to-day; was close enough to 'em to hear 'em talk," and then he chuckled. "Some of the soldiers fell in love with the apple girl, and wanted to kiss her."

Jane laughed, and her mother looked back to see what was amusing her. The girl instantly ceased, and tried to look very much unconcerned, as she went up to the house. Just as they reached the back porch, they heard the sound of horses' feet out on the road.

"It's Colonel Greenfield," said Jane, as she saw the uniform. "He comes nearly every day now."

Jared dared not ask why he came. But he noticed that the colonel was alone, saw him hitch his horse and go round to the front of the house.

"He will be here for supper," said Mrs. Hardway to Jane.

"Yes," and Jane nodded her head and hurried to the kitchen. Her mother soon joined her. In another minute the daughter had confided to the mother the secret of the identity of the visitor on the back porch. The old lady was thunderstruck.

"What if the colonel should know him?" she gasped.

"How can he when none of us did?" Jane replied.

"Call him in here!" said Mrs. Hardway, and Jane beckoned him into the kitchen where she placed his chair for him.

"You foolish boy!" she said to him.

"Why will you run into such danger?"

"Can't keep away," he laughed.

"They'll hang you yet."

He chuckled.

"What if the colonel should know you?" she asked.

"I don't think he would bother me. He is afraid I'd hurt him. What's he coming here for?"

"He has been coming ever since Captain Wilkes was hurt," said the mother.

"He's courting Kate," said Jane, anxious that he should know that particular fact.

Jared gave a low, prolonged whistle expressive of astonishment.

Jane watched his face to see how he took it. She knew he had a liking for Kate. But she saw no sign of wrong there and felt relieved. Kate remained in the sitting room, entertaining the colonel until a little

before the supper was ready. Then she ran in and said:

"Oh, mother! Colonel Greenfield says they caught Jared Holmes down in the city to-day while he was dressed as a girl and selling apples to the soldiers, and that he got away again! Did you ever hear the like?"

"Yes, dear," replied her mother. "This gentleman here has just told us about it. He says he saw the girl himself."

"How did he look dressed up that way?" Kate asked, turning to the visitor.

"He looked like a mighty nice gal," he replied, whereat Jane and her mother laughed heartily.

"Well, I know I should have almost died laughing had I seen him," said Kate.

"You wouldn't have known him," remarked the visitor.

"Oh, yes, I would. He couldn't fool me. I know him too well," and she shook her head in such a knowing way her mother and sister again laughed.

"They say his best friends didn't know him," Jared continued. "Why, he screamed just like a girl when they caught him."

"How did he get away?" she asked.

"Why, when they heard him scream, some sailors thought the sergeant was abusing a gal, and they ran to her aid. They almost killed the sergeant. She got away, and—"

"She?"

"Yes; I can hardly believe she was a man. I almost fell in love with her myself."

Kate laughed merrily, and went back into the sitting room to tell the British colonel what the old man in the kitchen had said.

The colonel was amused, and expressed a desire to see him. She went back and told her mother what the officer had said.

"Let him wait till after supper," said Mrs. Hardway. "It is now ready to go on the table."

She returned to the colonel and told him that supper would be ready in a few minutes, and that he could talk to the man after the meal or at the table. He was content, and soon after that supper was announced. He led her into the dining-room with a gallantry that charmed her. Jared Holmes saw that she was more than pleased with the Briton's attentions.

Jane was overjoyed that he had seen her with him, as she then knew he would give no thought to her after that.

At the supper table the vivacious Kate insisted on the stranger repeating his description of the Irish apple girl as he had seen her down-town, and as he did so her merry laughter rang through the old farmhouse.

"But I'll never forgive him for daring to strike my father," she said.

"You are at least loyal to your father, if not to your king," remarked the colonel.

"The king is not as good to me as my father is," she replied.

"That is because his majesty has never seen you," was the gallant reply.

"Thank you. I wish he could see all our girls if that would have caused him to be more kind to our people. You see I am just a little bit rebellious."

"Yes—that is quite natural with all women, I believe."

"Even to a spy in petticoats," she retorted.

"Yes. Petticoats conceal a great deal of treason in this world."

"True, by gosh!" exclaimed old Peter, who was quite sore over his wife's refusal to abet his malevolent threats against Jared Holmes.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SPY PLAYS

have a chance to ride myself, and may as well do so. He'll be very angry about it, but I won't be here to see it," and he urged the horse forward at a brisk trot. It was several miles up to the river, and he was anxious to get there as soon as possible. But when he came within sight of the picket fires he dismounted, turned the horse loose, keeping the two holster pistols, and plunged into the woods.

Though a clear starlit night, it was very dark in the woods. But he knew every foot of ground and the direction of the sentry line. He wanted to filter through without giving an alarm if he could, hence he crept forward very slowly and noiselessly for half a mile. But he found, to his dismay, that the sentinels had been quadrupled. They stood ten feet apart all along the line, and did not have to pace and fro.

"Ah," he thought to himself, "they are determined to catch the apple girl at all hazards, it seems. I don't see how I can pass here. They are too close together."

He was in a path used by hogs and cows, and while he was there two old sows came along, followed by pigs. They grunted as they went leisurely along the path, which ran across the sentry line.

"Pigs are not rebels, eh, comrade?" said the sentinel nearest to them.

"No, only when rations are short," was the reply.

"Then I'll let 'em go by without a challenge," and they both laughed.

Instantly Jared was down on his hands and feet, imitating the grunts of the two sows, and made his way across the line into the woods beyond.

Once more in the woods the grunts changed to chuckles. He rose to his feet and fairly shook with suppressed laughter, till he had to run along the path to get away before his risibles got the better of him.

"It's the first time in my life I ever played the hog," he chuckled, "and I played it so well it fooled a half dozen men. Really, I ought to turn Jew out of gratitude to the grunters. I wonder if I can play it on the pickets that way."

He was not very far from the same-spot where he encountered a picket on a former visit, when he was shot at. It was necessary that he should be more cautious than ever, as it was known that he had passed that way several times. Then, too, it was known where his mother lived, and sentinels would probably be on the lookout for him in that direction.

"I'd go round the other way—toward the sound," he said to himself, "but can't get across the river. It's too deep over that way. I'll have to go up by way of the creek. Never saw so many pickets out before."

He moved slowly, stepping cautiously to avoid the breaking of a twig under his feet and passed several picket fires, by the light of which he saw scores of soldiers.

"The woods are full of redcoats," he said to himself. "My only chance is to get up some excitement amongst them and try to step by them while it lasts. I know the very place for that game," and he worked his way forward for several hundred yards to where the woods were quite dense on both sides of the picket line. Once there, he made sure of his location and then proceeded to play his game.

He sung out:

"Halt there"—crack!

"Help! Help"—crack!

He used the two holster pistols, and then made a noise as of two men in a death struggle back in the bushes.

The entire band of soldiers rushed to the spot to see what it meant, and Jared darted through the bushes and past the light unperceived.

"That was the easiest of all," he chuckled, as he made his way up the creek. "I fooled both of them, and now I guess I can get along without any more trouble," and he hurried forward to the place where he had crossed several times before. When he reached the spot he plunged in to swim across. On the other side a dozen redcoats seized him as soon as he left the water.

"We have you at last, my fine fellow," said one of his captors.

Quick as a flash he tripped the two men who had hold of him, causing one to fall into the water. Then he sprang forward into the darkness beyond.

"Fire!" cried a voice.

C-r-r-rack!

Some eight or ten muskets were discharged at him. The bullets whistled all round him.

"I'm a dead man" he sung out, and then slipped forward through the bushes.

"That got him!" cried several voices, and he heard them calling for lights to search for him. He chuckled and hurried on his way toward the Hudson River. On reaching the place where he kept his canoe concealed, he was dumfounded at finding it gone.

"It's too much of a swim for me," he said, as he looked out over the big river. "I don't like to undertake it. I'll go up the river and see if I can find another one."

and he started on the search. It was a tedious one, as the banks of the river were rocky and quite rough in many places. After going some three or four miles he heard voices just ahead of him. He stopped and listened. His hearing was acute. Though the voices were low, almost in whispers, he soon learned that they were a young couple.

He crept closer to hear better.

No Indian could creep through the forest more noiselessly than he. In a couple of minutes he was in a position to hear what they were saying.

"Take it to the lines early in the morning," he heard the man say to the young woman, "and tell the guard you must see Sir Henry at once—that you have news of importance to tell him. They will escort you to headquarters, and when you see Sir Henry, give him the note. He will understand it at once, and see that you are rewarded. We'll soon have enough to buy a farm and settle down. Run up to the house and fetch me something to eat, if it is but a crust of bread, for I am almost starving."

He heard him kiss the girl, and a moment later she was hurrying back to the house. He could not see the house, nor any light, even, but he knew it must be nearby somewhere.

After waiting some little time, Jared got up from his crouching position and walked forward.

"Is it you, Lucy?" the expectant watcher asked.

For answer Jared downed him with a stone which he held in his hand. It was a hard blow, and the man fell senseless in his tracks.

Jared quickly bound and gagged him, after which he laid him in a canoe in the water just below him. Then, having changed the man's hat and coat for his own, he waited for the girl. Would she never return? The minutes seemed like hours. But she came at last. He stood where she had left her lover.

"Here's some bread and venison," she said, handing him a package. He took it, and then whispered:

"Give me the note again."

His voice was so low she could not recognize it. She handed him the note.

"Run back to the house—someone is coming," he whispered.

She darted away in an instant.

Jared chuckled as he turned and entered the canoe.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WE ARE GIVING FIVE "KOMBI" CAMERAS AWAY EVERY WEEK. HAVE YOU TRIED FOR ONE?

FLYING MACHINES.

BY FRANCIS W. DOUGHTY.

In a previous number we had something to say about balloons, flying machines and kindred subjects which seems to have given pleasure to so large a number of the many thousands who weekly peruse the columns of *HAPPY DAYS*, that we have concluded to allude to the subject again.

The 17th century in Europe was emphatically an age of invention. Men were just beginning to emerge from the darkness of the Middle Ages, and were devoting their energies to every branch of science and art.



Fig. 1.—LANA'S FLYING MACHINE.

Among other matters, the problem of flying received much attention. It was believed by many to be entirely possible to invent some sort of wings which could be attached to a man's back, so as to enable him to fly through the air like a bird, while others turned their attention to the construction of air-ships and machines for raising one's self in the air.

Of course all these efforts were failures,

although many sound thinkers of the present day, well posted in mechanics, believe the thing to be entirely feasible; had it been otherwise probably the gas balloon would never have been invented. As a rule men do not like to record their failures, but several of the inventions for flying of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have been handed down to us, prominent among which is Lana's flying machine, which we illustrate in Figure 1.

Francis Lana was a Jesuit monk, a deep thinker, and a man of many attainments. He published a book in the Italian language in the year 1670, which is now very rare, to demonstrate the feasibility of a flying machine which he had himself invented the same year. His first proposition had been to prepare four hollow globes of copper, each twenty feet in diameter, and so thin that they would weigh less than a quantity of atmospheric air equal to their bulk when the air within had been exhausted. To these globes he designed fastening a boat in which the aeronaut was to be stationed. This plan, however, was abandoned, and the machine illustrated in Figure 1 constructed. The globes were of copper and some twenty feet in diameter. Instead of four there were two, with a station for the aeronaut between them, and sails to guide the movement of the machine; but, alas! there was one thing that Lana had forgotten. When the air was exhausted from his globes a bad attack of atmospheric pressure set in, and in an instant they had collapsed, and were globes no more.

About the same time we find one Cyrano de Bergerac proposing five different methods of flying in the air. First by means of phials filled with dew, "which would attract and cause to mount up." Second, by a great bird, made of wood, whose wings were to be kept constantly in motion. Third, by means of rockets, which, going off successively, would drive up the balloon by the force of projection. Fourth, by an octohedron of glass, heated by the sun, and of which the lower part should be allowed to penetrate the dense cold air, which, pressing up against the rarified hot air, would raise the balloon. Fifth, by a car of iron, and a ball of magnetized iron, which the aeronaut was to keep throwing up in the air, and which was expected to attract and draw up the balloon.

To read of these absurd plans makes us wonder what manner of minds the men of those days possessed. They were the minds of children; they knew but little of science as we understand it, and ridiculous as these schemes appear, they were all proposed in good faith.



Fig. 2.—HENSON'S AERIAL STEAM CARRIAGE.

After Lana we have Galien, also a monk, who constructed an air-boat which came nearer success. It is described as a great leather bag filled with heated air with a basket attached below. This was but an experiment, for Galien proposed to build a full sized ship on the same principle. According to his theory the atmosphere is divided into two horizontal layers, the upper layer being much lighter than the lower. "But," says Galien in his curious little work, *The Art of Sailing in the Air*, published in 1735, "a ship keeps its place in the water because it is full of air and air is much lighter than water. Suppose then that there was the same difference of weight between the upper and lower layer of air as there is between the lower stratum of air and the water; and suppose also a boat which rested upon the lower layer of air with its bulk in the lighter upper air—like a ship which has its keel in the water, but its bulk in the air—the same thing would happen with the air-ship as with the water-ship—it would float in the denser layer of air."

Of course Galien failed in his experiments, as the atmosphere was not sufficiently obliging to divide itself into two layers of different density for his express accommodation.

No longer ago than 1840 a very remarkable flying machine was invented in England by a man named Henson, which attracted much attention, and had many believers at the time.

In Figure 2 will be found an illustration of Mr. Henson's machine. The apparatus consisted of a central car constructed to contain a steam engine, goods, passengers, fuel, etc., to which a light rectangular frame made of wood and covered with oil silk was attached. This frame was stationary, and extended on either side of the car like the outstretched wings of a bird. Behind these wings were two vertical fan wheels, furnished with oblique vanes,

which were intended to propel the apparatus through the air. These wheels were kept in motion by means of bands and pulleys from the steam engine contained in the car.



Fig. 3.—BLANCHARD'S FLYING VESSEL.

To an axis behind the car a triangular frame was attached—seen in our illustration spread out like a sail, also covered with oiled silk and resembling the tail of a bird. This could be expanded or contracted at pleasure, causing the machine to ascend or descend. Beneath the tail was a rudder, and to make the steering still easier, a sail was stretched between two masts which rose from the car.

In launching Henson's machine, the specification stated it would be necessary to select an elevated situation, and allow the machine to run some distance down an inclined plane, for which purpose the little wheels seen at the bottom of the car were attached. When the machine had thus acquired a momentum, the rotary fan wheels were to be put in motion to raise and propel it through the air.

"Henson's machine," says Professor Wise, the famous American aeronaut, "was well calculated to inspire confidence in the mere theoretical mind; but to the practical man it at once occurs, what is to keep it from tilting over, from losing its balance by a flaw of wind or any other casualty, and thus falling to the ground?"

It does not appear that Henson's machine ever got beyond a model, although we believe a company was formed in England to build one which was to have been sent across the Atlantic.

Perhaps the most popular among the French aeronauts of the last century was Blanchard, who constructed a flying boat with oars and rigging, in which he actually did sustain himself in the air for some moments at the height of 80 feet.

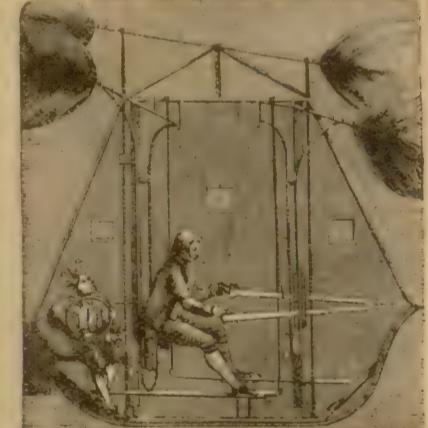


Fig. 4.—BLANCHARD'S ASCENT CARICATURED.

This was just about the time the brothers Montgolfier invented the gas balloon, the success of which caused Blanchard to at once abandon his own scheme and seize upon theirs.

Figure 3 illustrates Blanchard's "Flying Vessel," as it was called, in which, accompanied by a priest named Pesch, he proposed to ascend from the *Champs de Mars*, in Paris, on the 2d of March, 1784.

Blanchard and Pesch were prevented from going up in the balloon, however, by a certain *crank*—as we would call him nowadays—named Dupont de Chambon, who persisted in accompanying the aerial voyagers. Being pushed back he drew his sword, leaped into the car, wounded Blanchard, cut the rigging and broke the oars or wings.

Later in the day Blanchard ascended alone, and was quite successful, performing an aerial journey of one hour and a quarter, and finally landing near Versailles.

Of course the papers of the day made all manner of sport of Blanchard and his fly-

ing vessel. Figure 4 shows us one of the caricatures flung about among the crowd, which represents the aeronaut hard at work propelling his machine, and accompanied by a man in the dress of a fool, tooting away on the French horn.

The idea of oars was soon abandoned. Indeed, the Montgolfiers had already demonstrated its fallacy; for, in 1783, we find Joseph Montgolfier writing to his brother Stephen in the following strain:

"For my sake, my good friend, reflect; calculate well before you employ oars. Oars must either be great or small; if great, they will be heavy; if small, it will be necessary to move them with great rapidity. I know no sufficient means of guidance except in a knowledge of the different currents of air, of which it is necessary to make a study; and these are generally regulated by the elevation."



Fig. 5.—LE FLESSELLES.

Balloons in the last century were most elaborate affairs. Figure 5 represents *Le Flesselles*, in which Montgolfier and his companions made their first ascent in the presence of 100,000 spectators, on January 7, 1784.

The form of the balloon was that of a globe, rising from a reversed or truncated cone, to which a gallery for the aeronaut to stand upon was attached. The upper part was white, the lower part gray, the cone being constructed of strips of stuff of different colors. On the sides of the balloon were two paintings, one representing history, the other fame. The flag bore the arms of the Director of the Royal Academy, and above it were inscribed the words "Le Flesselles."

Probably the only apparatus in which man has ever succeeded in flying through the air, outside of the gas balloon, is the parachute, in its varied forms.

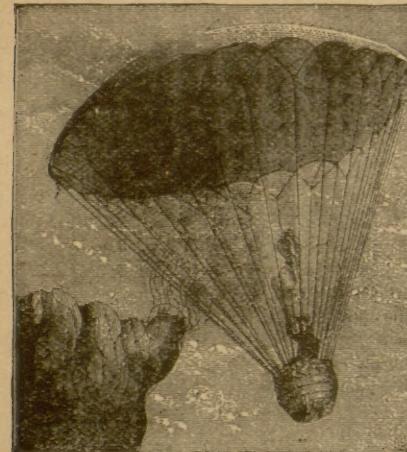


Fig. 6.—GARNERIN'S DESCENT IN A PARACHUTE.

At the present day parachutes are chiefly used to exhibit how a man can descend from great heights unharmed. Nevertheless, parachutes are often of great actual use, and aeronauts frequently attach them to their balloons, to be employed in case of accident.

The shape of a parachute closely resembles an umbrella. The strips of silk of which it is formed are sewn together, and are bound at the top around a circular piece of wood. A number of cords, stretching away from this piece of wood, support the car in which the aeronaut is carried. At the top is an opening to permit the air, compressed by the rapidity of the descent, to escape without causing danger to the parachute from the strain to which it would be otherwise subjected.

The rapidity of the descent is arrested by the large surface which the parachute presents to the air.

When the aeronaut wishes to descend by the parachute, he slips down from the car

of the balloon to that of the parachute, loosens the rope which holds it to the balloon, and in an instant is launched out into space.

In a few moments the air rushing into the folds of the parachute forces them open like an umbrella, and immediately the violence of the descent is arrested, and the aeronaut falls gently to the ground.

Figure 6 illustrates Garnerin's remarkable descent in a parachute performed from a height of 1,200 feet in the year 1802.

When Garnerin reached this height, he cut the rope which connected the parachute with the balloon. At first the fall was terribly rapid, but as soon as the parachute spread out, the rapidity was considerably diminished. The machine, however, made enormous oscillations. The air gathering and compressed under it, would sometimes escape on one side and sometimes on the other, thus shaking and whirling the parachute about with great violence, but fortunately with no ill effect.

The origin of the parachute is said to be very remote. It is known that a figure of one appeared among a collection of machines at Venice, in the year 1617.

Another species of parachute, less perfect, perhaps, than that of Garnerin's but still a practical machine, was described 189 years before the great aeronaut'sfeat at Paris.

We read also in the narrative of the French Ambassador to the court of Siam, at the end of the seventeenth century, how a certain montebank attached to the court was accustomed to climb to the top of a high bamboo tree and throw himself into the air without any other support than two parasols. Thus equipped, he would abandon himself to the winds, which carried him sometimes to the earth, sometimes on trees and houses or even into the river, but always without harm to himself. Of course this is precisely the principle of the parachute.

Men are still working away on the problem of a flying machine, and by and by will no doubt solve it.

This was forcibly brought to our attention the other day by seeing upon a modest house in a retired street of the City of Brooklyn the following somewhat startling sign:

"Petersen's Aerial Navigation Company. Limited."

We immediately made a note of it and have been watching the papers expecting to read of Petersen's discovery electrifying the world.

ARE YOU TRYING FOR ONE OF THOSE TEN PARLOR ORGANS WE ARE CIVING AWAY? SEE 16th PAGE.

[This story commenced in No. 126.]

LITTLE LARIAT,

— THE —

BOY WILD HORSE HUNTER OR, The Dashing Riders of the Staked Plains.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE WILD SOUTHWEST.

By R. T. EMMET,

Author of "The Rise of Eddy Dunn," "Steel Blade, the Boy Scout of Fort Ridgely," "The Boss of the Messenger Boys," "Through India on Bicycles," etc.

CHAPTER X.

OLD JACK GOES ON A DANGEROUS MISSION.

The letter, which Little Lariat found in the holster on the saddle of the riderless mustang, and which he read aloud to his companions, was as follows:

"To ANYONE WHO MAY FIND THIS:

"I, Burton Rodgers, believe myself to be the only surviving member of the party of prospectors led by Allen Marvel. We discovered rich gold caves in the mountains of Mexico, and, having gathered much wealth, we were on our way to our homes, on the northeastern borders of the Staked Plains, when we were attacked on the plains named by a large force of Indians and Mexicans, and I was the only one of the party captured. The others, I believe, were all massacred. A Mexican, who had joined our party some days previously, deserted us the day before the attack, and I think he led the Indians and Mexicans to attack us. The fellow had evidently learned our secret that we were laden with gold from mines which we had discovered, and I am held a prisoner at a lone ranch near the southern end of the Staked Plains because my captors hope to compel me to reveal the location of the mine which we found. I have succeeded in inducing a beautiful half-breed girl, who lives at this ranch, to try to send this letter to the settlements to the north or to the home of Allen Marvel, and I beg that in case this letter should reach friends they will come to my rescue."

"Hastily,

BURTON RODGERS."

The comrades of Little Lariat listened with eager interest to the reading of the letter, and many were the exclamations of surprise and indignation which they uttered.

"I reckon men," said Mustang Matt, as soon as the reading of the letter was concluded, "we may be pretty certain that it is at the lone ranch of Julian Torrez that Burton Rodgers is held a prisoner."

"Yes. That is almost a foregone conclusion, I should say, and yet there is, of course, a bare chance that such is not the fact. But anyhow, we cannot turn a deaf ear to the appeal of my father's poor comrade," answered the boy.

"No. That we cannot! But I reckon, boy, if we leave off hunting for the white mustang, with the surcingle of gold now, the chances are Torrez, who is undoubtedly on the same hunt, will stand a good chance to beat us and capture the white mustang," rejoined Matt.

"That's so, pard," put in old Jack, the trail hunter. "An' anyhow, I reckon, if Rodgers are really at Torrez's ranch, we can't hope to rescue him by goin' at the job openly. You kin make up yer mind then Mex has left a strong force ter guard his ranch."

"You are, no doubt, right. We must not now give up the hunt for the white mustang, and yet something must be done in behalf of Burton Rodgers. What shall it be?" said Little Lariat.

"Yes. That's the question. It seems to me we ought first to make sure, beyond any possible doubt, that Rodgers is really at the Torrez's ranch, and then maybe by cunnin' an' stratagem we can get him off. But a couple of us would do better at such sly work than more. I reckon it ain't no use ter try to raid the Mexican's ranch openly. The chances are, if we did so, we'd all be wiped out," Matt replied.

"I'll tell ye what I have in mind, pard, and if so be you are of my way o' thinkin', the question o' whether it are Torrez's ranch that Rodgers is at or not, kin be settled," said old Jack.

"What's yer plan, Jack? Le's hear it, pard," Matt answered.

"It's just this ere: I hev been ter Torrez's ranch onct er twict, an' I kin find the place agin, so, if you say so, I'll make a scout alone ter the greaser's place, an' make sure by spyin' about there, if Rodgers are there. If so, maybe I kin work some game to git him off, by myself. But if I can't I'll come back and let ye know what I find out, an' then we kin lay our plans according."

"Good! I like yer plan, Jack, old pard, an' if any man among us kin succeed in finding out what we want to know, I reckon you're the party," said Matt.

"Yes. Jack has hit upon a good plan, and while he is away we'll keep on looking for the white mustang," Little Lariat coincided.

"It will be two days, at the least, afore I kin git back from the greaser's ranch, if so be I git back at all, an' I've got to know where to find ye then," old Jack answered.

"That's so, and suppose we say we'll be at the ledge, where we buried the remains o' poor Allen Marvel, the day after to-morrow," said Matt.

"That will do. If I ain't there day after ter-morrer, do ye leave at least one man there, to wait two days longer fer me, an' in course he'll know where to find the rest o' ye," replied old Jack.

"All right! It shall be as you say," assented Matt.

"But when four days from this mornin' have gone by, an' I ain't come back, you kin make up your minds I ain't comin'. You understand?" old Jack went on.

"Yes. If you have not come back when four days have elapsed, then we are to conclude you have either been slain or captured," Little Lariat replied.

"That's it, boy."

"Weh, it's no use o' tellin' you to look sharp, old pard, fer you can give all of us points on scoutin' an' spyin' in an enemy's country, an' I reckon you'll come back all right, if any man alive kin," said Matt.

"I hope so, pard, fer though I ain't quite as young as I mought be, I hev got a good deal o' longin' to stick to this here lower world yt awhile, an' when I hev to go to the happy huntin' grounds, I'd a heap rather not be sent there by a greaser or a redskin. Howsomever, there's no need o' more talk, the thing are decided on, and I reckon I might as well be off," replied the old trail hunter.

He then tightened the girths of his mustang, examined his weapons carefully, and having packed a knapsack with food for his journey, he shook hands with his comrades all round, and bidding them a cheerful good-bye, rode away in a southerly course.

"There goes one o' the bravest an' most cunnin' Indian fighters an' scouts that ever stood in shoe leather. Take my word for it, boy, we might have searched the whole State of Texas over an' not found another man so well fitted for the dangerous task which he has set out upon," said Matt, turning to Little Lariat.

"Heaven grant he may succeed," answered the lad, earnestly.

"Amen to that, boy," said Matt, heartily.

Then he and the others watched old Jack until his solitary figure faded from their sight upon the deserted plains far away in the distance.

Although the wild horse hunters had thus far vainly searched the country in the neighborhood without discovering the white mustang, or indeed seeing any wild horses, Mustang Matt still adhered to his idea that it was probable the white mustang would range over some certain area in the vicinity, which would not, according to the known habits of the wild mustang, exceed fifteen or twenty miles in diameter, as he had already said. But when old Jack had passed out of sight the mustanger chief said to his companions:

"In course the thing is possible that the white mustang may have made for the stamping grounds from which he came in the fust place, an' as you know he has the look of a mustang from old Mexico, he may not stop for long until he gets across the Rio Grande. But, even if he set out for his old home, bein' a stallion, the chances are if he should fall in with a herd o' mares he'd jine them, an' so travel with them over the range. Now I propose we put in the day scouting hereabouts for him, at the same time, in course, keepin' a sharp lookout fer the greasers and the redskins."

Of course all agreed that this was the proper thing to do, and accordingly they picketed the captured mustang in the timber beside the stream, and also left some of their camping outfit there, meaning to make their camp there again that night.

In order to make the quest the more close and certain without the necessity for all hands to go over the same territory, it was agreed they should ride in couples.

And each couple was to take a given part of the territory to be searched.

By the departure of old Jack the original party was reduced to eight men, including Little Lariat.

And so there were four couples to ride in quest of the white mustang that day.

Little Lariat and Mustang Matt rode in company, and the day was well nigh spent when they struck the trail of a small herd of mustangs, where the earth was nude and soft beside a stream at which the herd had evidently stopped to drink.

The finding of this evidence of a herd of wild mustangs was joyfully received by Little Lariat.

As soon as the trail was sighted he and Mustang Matt drew rein.

And the latter at once dismounted, saying:

"I must have a close look at these tracks."

The experienced wild horse hunters proceeded to examine the hoof marks of the mustangs attentively, and Little Lariat watched him anxiously.

"What do you make out?" the lad cried, while Matt was still regarding the tracks closely.

"That the mustangs hev been here since noon. If they had been here earlier the tracks would have been dry. As it is, some of them are quite moist. Now, if the wild horses had only left a trail on the thick turf, we should know, of course, which way to go after them. But as there is no trail ter foller, we hev got to fall back on what we know about the habits o' the critters. Because they always look fer water in the cool of the evening, I take it the herd that has been here will strike this same stream ag'in at along about sunset or later. Now, on the bare ground here we see the tracks o' the animals point south as they left the creek. So we'll take it for granted they went south. Then it follers they will come to the stream fer a drink somewhere south of here. An' so we'll go down stream until nightfall," explained Mustang Matt, and he and Little Lariat rode on without further delay.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WHITE MUSTANG SIGHTED AGAIN.

"THERE'S little use of riding fast, for the mustangs travel slowly, feeding as they go when they are not pursued, an' I reckon the herd we hope to sight will not git far away from the stream before night," remarked Matt, as they rode on.

"Not unless they should be sighted and chased by the Mexicans or the Indians. I'm in a fever of fear on that account," responded Little Lariat.

"We've got to risk that, in course," answered the mustanger.

And while they continued to converse, they rode leisurely along down the stream.

But they were both vigilant and constantly on the lookout to discover the herd of mustangs, and also watchful to make sure Torrez's band did not surprise them.

At last the declining sun reached the rim of the far western horizon, and after that, as the shadows began to deepen up on the illimitable prairies, they rode close to the fringe of timber along the stream.

There the long shadows of the trees rendered them invisible to man or beast, save at a near approach.

Suddenly, as if under a single impulse,

Little Lariat and the mustanger pulled up.

At the same instant both made a discovery which thrilled them. At some distance coming from beyond a *motte* which was of somewhat greater extent than those singular "islands" of timber on the great plains usually are, they saw a herd of wild mustangs.

They were heading toward the stream, and it seemed, if they did not change their course, they would reach it at a point about a quarter of a mile south of the place where the two horse hunters had halted.

"There they are, and a herd of mares, some thirty odd in number, at least, I should say! But I don't see a single stallion among them," said Matt.

"Isn't that queer?" answered Little Lariat. "There is always a stallion in a herd of mares, and he always acts as the leader of the herd, you know."

"It is queer, as you say. But maybe the stallion of this herd has been recently captured, and another has not come to join them yet," answered Matt.

"Hal! Look there!" he added, almost instantly.

And just then Little Lariat saw a black stallion gallop into sight from the shadows of the *motte* in the rear of the herd and make for the front.

But the next moment the lad's heart seemed to leap to his throat in one great bound of intense excitement, as a beautiful pure white stallion galloped into sight from the *motte*, evidently in pursuit of the black.

At one glance the lad saw the strange surcingle of buckskin upon the back of the white mustang, and he cried out in a voice that trembled with intense excitement:

"There he is at last! The white mustang with the belt of gold!"

"By gum, yer right, boy!" answered Matt, scarcely less excited than the boy.

Fortunately they were to the windward of the mustangs and the latter had not scented them.

They kept their horses motionless and watched the white mustang with almost breathless interest. And it is safe to say they were both delighted to see the surcingle of buckskin was yet apparently safe on the white stallion.

The latter snorted and screamed as the wild stallions do when fighting, and he kept on after the black. But suddenly the latter halted and wheeled about. In a moment the two stallions were at it with teeth and hoofs fighting desperately, and Little Lariat was in mortal fear lest the surcingle of gold should be torn from the back of the white, and the precious contents scattered and trampled into the earth.

"Ah, I understand it all! The white stallion tried to join this herd of which the black is the leader. They are now fighting to settle which one shall be the leader hereafter. It is always this way. The wild stallions are always fighting for leadership," said Matt.

They watched the battle between the two stallions, filled with excitement and interest. The fight was a fierce one. Snorting and screaming, the two stallions reared and struck at each other with their hoofs, and bit viciously.

Round and round each other they circled, pawing the air, now charging, now each with his teeth fixed in the neck of the other.

And the muzzle of the white stallion was soon red with his blood.

But at the outset the white seemed to be the more active and courageous, and ere long he had the black in full flight, whipped and thoroughly cowed, it seemed, for he ran on and on, and the white pursued him, until at last, as if disgusted with the conduct of his late antagonist, he came prancing back to the herd with his neck proudly arched, whinnying and showing off his paces, as much as to say: "Behold, I am the victor and your new leader."

And still the strange surcingle remained upon his back. The teeth of the black stallion had not torn it from its place, nor did it seem to have been rent to any extent in the recent fight.

"He's a noble fellow, that white stallion, and the black has got enough and won't trouble him any more. See, the black is still running away. Now he'll hunt up some other herd, and there'll be another battle of stallions," said Matt.

"Yes, yes. But now to capture the white stallion! We must never lose track of him again," the lad answered.

"No, I'll have a try at him with the lasso or the rifle, as circumstances seem to say will answer the best. Do you remain here, boy, and I'll creep along down to where the herd will strike the stream," replied Matt.

Leaping from his animal, he threw the bridle rein to the lad, and taking his lasso and rifle with him, he stole along in the timber stealthily until he arrived near the place where the mustangs seemed likely to reach the water.

There he crouched down in the bushes. The mustangs, now triumphantly led by

the white stallion, continued to approach, but as luck would have it, the wind began to shift, and presently it was blowing from Matt directly toward the mustangs, who were yet beyond rifle range of the concealed horse hunters.

Suddenly the white mustang halted, threw up his head and began to sniff the air, while his delicate nostrils dilated and his small ears became erect.

"It's all up with my plan to get a shot at him or use the lasso," thought Matt, very much disappointed.

He was right. The white mustang must have at once scented him, for in a moment he uttered a warning snort which caused all the mares to prick up their ears and stand sniffing. Then, with a defiant toss of his long main, the white stallion wheeled about and went galloping away.

The mares followed him, and Matt rushed out of the bushes and signaled Little Lariat to come on with the horses. This the boy did.

Matt leaped into the saddle as soon as the boy rode up with his horse.

"Now then, we've got to set in to 'walk down' that herd! The mares belong to this range. They will follow the white stallion as long as he sticks to it, but he can't lead them off of it, and he won't desert the mares!" said the mustanger, hastily.

"If it was not that I fear we might thus call the greasers or the Indians down on us, we might now fire a volley of shots in the hope of thus bringing our comrades here. But as things are you had better ride to the place where we agreed to camp to-night, and tell the men when they come in, that I have started to 'walk down' the white mustang an' a herd he's jined. Tell 'em I'll sound my whistle when the chase brings me anywhere near the camp. Then two of them will ride out to relieve me, and continue the chase of the herd."

"All right! You may be sure I'll be one of the first to take your place to follow the white stallion," answered Little Lariat.

And then, as Mustang Matt galloped away after the fleeing herd, the lad wheeled his horse and rode at full speed up the stream.

He kept Lexington on at his best speed. Sometime after the night, which was a bright moonlight one, had completely fallen, he reached the camp where he found all the horse hunters had already come in. He hastened to tell them of the discovery of the white mustang, and he repeated Mustang Matt's message.

Great was the rejoicing of all hands, and all were from that time on the alert to hear Matt's whistle. Little Lariat and one of the party stood ready to mount and dash away the instant they heard the signal.

CHAPTER XII.

LITTLE LARIAT ALONE IN PURSUIT OF THE WHITE MUSTANG.

DURING the day, which had closed, Little Lariat had ridden his horse, Lexington, many miles, and the animal needed rest, so the lad had picketed him out to graze, and one of the party had suggested that as the runaway mustang which had been captured in the morning had rested all day, the boy should ride him when he went to relieve Mustang Matt.

Little Lariat had fallen in with this suggestion, and he held the captured mustang by the bridle as he waited to hear Matt's whistle.

Hicks, the mustanger, whom we have previously had occasion to introduce by name, volunteered to accompany the lad.

And he had selected one of the mustangs, which seemed to be less jaded than any of the other animals, that had been ridden during the day.

The chosen mustang was a wiry, iron gray, and as the man who had ridden him was the first one to return to the camp that evening, the little horse had rested longer than his companions.

Some hours elapsed, while Little Lariat and Hicks impatiently waited for the signal, which was to call them to take the place of Mustang Matt as pursuers of the white mustang and his herd.

And at length the boy became very uneasy.

He began to imagine many things which might have occurred to carry the mustanger chief far away from the camp, and to cause the animal with the treasure secured upon him to again become lost to him.

"I wonder why we hear nothing of Matt—why he does not sound his whistle to call us?" he said, anon.

"Well, you know that for the first few hours, when they are chased, the wild mustangs run as fast as they kin, an' the hunter has all he can do to keep them in sight, an' fast off, the herd may have raced away ter the part of their range furthest from our camp. But don't lose heart, lad. The wild mustangs ain't likely to go back on their habits, just ter spite us this time. They are sure to travel in a circle round their range in the end, an' I'm certain such a course will finally bring them near us, an' we kin hear a blast from Matt's shrill

silver whistle for miles on these 'ere silent level plains," answered Hicks.

"But I am thinking of the chance, which you do not seem to take into account, that Matt may have encountered the band of Torrez," Little Lariat made reply.

"Yes, I do. But because none of us have seen any signs of the greasers and Indians on the range which we have scouted over during the day, I'm pretty sure they are nowhere near."

"I hope you are right, but—" began the boy, when he paused suddenly as, at last, he heard the welcome signal for which he was so anxiously waiting.

Shrill and clear the whistle of the mustanger chief sounded from the east of the camp. Little Lariat had heard that whistle before. He knew he could not be mistaken in thinking it was produced by Matt.

"There it is—the whistle at last!" he exclaimed joyfully as he mounted his ready mustang.

Hicks also sprang into his saddle.

He and the lad, and indeed all the members of the party, looked eagerly in an easterly direction, but they were unable to see anything of Matt or the herd of mustangs.

Despite the light of the moon and stars, the prairie blended into dark shadows in the distance, and they knew beyond that canopy of the night they must seek for the mustanger.

In a moment they were galloping away. They rode steadily eastward.

And from time to time they were guided on their course by repetitions of the shrill whistle.

These sounds at length came near, and at last they saw dark moving shadows in the distance.

"There they are!" shouted Little Lariat, and he made his mustang bound forward at increased speed under the spurs.

Very soon he and Hicks came up with Mustang Matt, who was following the herd just fast enough to keep them in sight.

Finding that Matt was not gaining upon them, for he had purposely moderated his speed in order properly to pursue the plan of "walking them down," the mustangs had moderated their speed after the run of the first hours of the chase.

"There they are, with the white mustang in the lead. He tried to lead them straight away off the range in this neighborhood at first. But the mares would not leave their old stamping grounds, and the stallion finally gave it up. For some time the herd has been running in a wide circular course. But I feared at one time the white mustang meant to desert the mares and go it alone for the south," said Matt, hastily, as his two friends joined him.

"All right, pard! Gimme your whistle and I'll sound it when the herd gets near our camp ag'in, an' we are wanting to be relieved," answered Hicks.

Matt handed him his silver whistle, and then while the former rode slowly toward the camp, Little Lariat and his companion galloped on after the herd.

Of course they continued in the manner usual with all experienced wild horse hunters, under similar circumstances.

Without seeking to press the herd hard, they constantly kept the wild horses in sight. We remember the object of the mustangs was now to keep the herd on the move, never giving them a moment's rest, or a chance to drink or eat, until they were completely fagged out, when their capture would be an easy matter.

Sometimes, as they followed the fleeing herd, Little Lariat and Hicks could see the white mustang, because of his color, quite clearly.

He appeared to be the most speedy animal in the herd, and he constantly ran at some distance ahead of the mares.

But it was not long before Hicks' mustang began to lag behind, while Little Lariat's fresh mount showed no signs of weariness.

And when they had followed the herd for about two hours, an accident befell Hicks' horse. He stumbled and came to his knees. Hicks got him up at once, but he had strained one of his fore legs in his fall, and he limped badly.

Seeing it would be useless to attempt to follow the wild mustangs on his disabled horse, Hicks called out to Little Lariat, who had witnessed his mishap:

"You keep on after the herd, an' I'll try to git my hoss back to camp."

"All right; I'll not lose sight of them. But give me Matt's whistle before you go," answered the lad.

Hicks handed him the silver whistle, and while the former started toward the camp with his lame mustang, Little Lariat rode on alone.

About an hour after that, during which time he had ridden steadily and always kept the fleeing herd in sight, the boy suddenly drew rein.

His abrupt halt was caused by the discovery of several dark forms coming toward him in the distance. At a second glance, despite the shadows afar, which the moonlight did not dispel, he made out

that the approaching persons were four mounted Indians. Their scalp feathers, nodding in the night wind, told him the mounted men were not whites.

And among the four Indians he presently made out a strange, shapeless object upon the back of a mustang, which one of the Indians seemed to be leading by the bridle rein.

While he made these observations, Little Lariat hoped the Indians had not sighted him, and he looked about for some place in which he could conceal himself, for if he then went on after the herd of wild horses he knew the Indians would soon see him.

At but a short distance he sighted one of those odd depressions, which are occasionally found on the great plains of Texas. It was but the task of a moment or so for the lad to reach it. The depression was more like an old buffalo wallow than anything else. It was about twelve feet long and quite narrow. The sides were steep, and some three feet high in places, but at other points the hollow was scarcely more than a foot in depth.

Little Lariat made his mustang lay down in the hollow, and he crouched beside the animal, rifle in hand, close to the edge of the depression, on the side toward the Indians. Then, much to his alarm, he saw the red men were heading straight for his hiding-place, and realized that his situation was one of imminent peril.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NAMES OF THE WINNERS OF THE PIANOS AND BICYCLES WILL BE GIVEN IN NO. 131.

Snagging in the Missouri.

COMPARATIVELY few persons realize the vast amount of work now under way by the government in improving the Missouri River. Ever since the fall of 1891 the government has expended considerable money each year in improving the stream. Prior to that time there had not been any snagging whatever done above Sioux City. The fact that the river is navigable for 1,649 miles above the city makes the work of keeping the channel clear a vast undertaking.

The principal obstacles to navigation on this stream are the numerous snags which dot the river after every season of high water. Many of these snags are the trunks of old trees which year by year have been undermined by the waters of the river until they finally toppled over into the stream, to be swept downward until they strike a sandbar or other shallow place in the main channel, when they become stationary, and remain a menace to every passing steamer.

The largest and best of these snag boats is the James B. McPherson, which was built at Dubuque in 1891. The McPherson is 36 feet beam by 171 feet long and 51.2 feet depth of hold, with a complete steel hull. It has compound engines 16 and 32 inches by 6 feet; Scotch marine boiler, air pumps, and a full condensing apparatus. This steamer is said to be the only boat on Western waters, and it is believed to be the only stern-wheel steamboat in the country that is fitted with these improvements.

Her engines are placed one on each side of the boat, like ordinary high-pressure steamboat cylinders. The exhaust from five auxiliary engines, and even the waste of the capstan cylinder cocks are condensed and refed into the boiler. The McPherson is fitted with a complete snagging outfit, and, in addition, has a large pressure pump for washing the earth from the roots of snags and stumps, so that the stumps can be closely trimmed and made to dry better when banked, thereby floating should they again be washed into the river.

As the water of the Missouri River is very sandy, it is utterly impossible to see into it. Owing to this fact the question sometimes arises: "How can the men on the snag-boats tell where the snags are when they are in the main channel, entirely covered by water?"

For an experienced person it is no hard matter to locate a snag, even though it had eight or ten feet of water over it. The swift current of the Missouri River is the means by which the snags are found. Should there be a large rock on the bottom of the river, in the main channel directly over it an eddy will be seen, which leaves a "tail," as the river men call it, extending from the eddy directly over the obstruction to a point some distance below, ending in a tiny ripple, the tail or furrow in the water growing narrower as the end of it is reached.

There is little danger connected with snagging. Once in awhile some careless person may get a hand or arm pinched by being caught in a rope or cable when it tightens, but thus far no loss of life has occurred during snagging operations along the Missouri River.

Answers to Correspondents.

To Correspondents.

Do not ask questions on the same sheet of paper with mail orders, as they will not be answered. Correspondents, in sending a number of questions, will aid us greatly by writing on one side of the paper only. If this is not done, questions will have to be rewritten by those who send them. NOTICE is now given that hereafter no letters will be answered unless addressed "EDITOR OF HAPPY DAYS, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730."

NOTICE.

Readers of HAPPY DAYS who send questions to be answered in this column should bear in mind that HAPPY DAYS is made up and printed two weeks in advance of publication; consequently it will take from two to three weeks from the time we receive the questions before the answers will appear in print, and should the questions require any special research it may take longer. If readers will take this matter into consideration, they will readily see the folly of requesting us to put the answers to their questions in the next issue of the paper.

GUSTAVE GOOB.—Your writing is fair. 2 "Handsome Harry" ended in No. 57 of this paper.

ED OF T. W.—We would advise you to consult some good physician and follow his advice.

MINNEAPOLIS.—The rubbing is of a private token of no special value; they bear no premium.

P. H. D.—We cannot say where that expression originated. Our books of reference do not mention it.

EDWARD BALF.—They are both hard times' tokens, and are worth twenty cents each if in perfect condition.

C. S. P.—See answer to "J. T. M. P. K." in this column. There are a number of varieties of stamps you name.

JOHN A. GARRETT.—You are above the average both in height and weight. 2 We will place coupons to your credit.

LOUIS MEYER.—Read "Pawnee Bill in Oklahoma; or, Fighting with the White Chief" by Frank Forrest, contained in Nos. 67 to 74 inclusive.

F. P. W.—The 32-page camera catalogue is only sent with the camera to those who have won cameras. We do not sell them or send on request.

JAMES DOUGHERTY.—There is no premium on the English stamp described. 2 A United States cent of 1847 in fine condition is worth three cents.

WILLIAM DODD.—We are not responsible for any of the parties who insert exchange notices in this paper. Read notice at the head of that department.

E. S. H.—You might write to the secretary of Pratt's Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., for catalogue and price of tuition, or Columbia College, New York City.

W. O. O. K.—The bill described is Continental currency and is of little value, as very few persons collect such curiosities. It might be worth one or two cents.

CONSTANT READER.—There is no premium on the United States cent of 1837 unless it is in extra fine condition. 2 The other piece is an old war token of no special value.

JAMES McCREEERY.—The silver three-cent piece was coined from 1851 to 1873; those from 1863 to 1869 are quoted at twenty-five cents, but must be in perfect condition—clean and sharp.

STANLEY SHACKELL.—There were twenty volumes of The Boys of New York issued; the last number was 1,000. 2 "Handsome Harry" began in No. 991 and ended in No. 57 of HAPPY DAYS.

J. T. M. P. K.—We cannot tell the value of your stamps from the description you give. If you will send them to us with a two-cent stamp for return postage we will give you the catalogue prices.

L. H. H.—Tucson, Arizona, has a population of 6,000. 2 We cannot give you the required information; write to the Pittsburgh News Company, Pittsburgh, Pa. If the book is in print they can tell you.

W. P. R.—If you do not care to destroy the looks of your paper by cutting out the coupon there is nothing to prevent you from buying an extra copy of the paper or as many extra copies of the paper as you want coupons.

A CONSTANT READER.—It would be impossible for us to say what it would cost to manufacture cream of tartar baking powder; it would require a chemist or somebody in that line of business to give you an estimate.

JOHN JOOST.—Bound volumes of HAPPY DAYS consist of 26 numbers, price \$1.75; receiver pays cost of express or mail charges. 2 We can supply the first four volumes. 3 We cannot answer your other questions. 4 Writing fair.

THEO. F. LA CHALL.—The stamp described is catalogued at one cent. 2 The King George, Virginia, 1773 cent is catalogued at 30 cents. There are two varieties; the price of one is not catalogued. 3 We do not answer questions of this kind by mail.

J. M. F.—The catalogue prices for United States three-cent silver pieces of 1863 to 1869 is twenty five cents. This is the price asked by dealers; what they will give for them is another question—probably not more than one-quarter of the price asked.

DEAD-HEAD TOM.—The Cherokees are among the most enlightened tribes of Indians in the United States. 2 One paper and four libraries are published regularly at present. 3 There is no prospect of the United States annexing Cuba and Hawaii. 4 The study of architecture is good, and pays well if thoroughly mastered. It would be impossible for anybody to say how long it would take you to learn.

SURE FOOTED MIKE.—We cannot enumerate them in this column for lack of space; send your name and address for catalogue of detective stories. 2 We have never published any story by that author in this paper. 3 We cannot say what we may do in the future.

J. H. PEIFFER.—In a game of progressive euchre if two persons are tied for the first prize, and they cut to see who takes it, the loser takes second prize. This rule applies in the absence of any other rule. Progressive euchre clubs often have standing rules of their own which cover the above.

HENRY GREENFIELD.—For players who took part in over 100 games of the National League in 1896 Tebeau, of Cleveland, had the best batting average. 2 We think Van Halteren is the better player. 3 Fitzsimmons is 5 feet 11 3/4 inches tall and Corbett 6 feet 1 inch. 4 Adrian Anson is 46 years of age.

ALLAN THURLOW.—The five-cent red playing card stamp, perforated, (old paper,) is catalogued at 90 cents. There are no other quotations. 2 The 60-cent inland exchange, orange, perforated and part perforated, are quoted at \$1.50. Per, on old paper, 15 cents; silk paper, 50 cents. 3 We cannot say without seeing the stamps, as there are four kinds.

CARTER H. HARRISON.—There are many kinds of invisible inks; the following is very simple: Write with cobalt dissolved in a weak solution of muriatic acid; when cold the writing is invisible, but when the paper is heated it will appear of a bluish color. 2 There is no premium on the two-cent piece of 1865; the silver three-cent piece of same date is quoted at 25 cents.

H. N. WOODBURY.—All tin is fire-proof, and is used largely to protect wood from heat; we refer to sheet tin, which is sheet iron plates rolled thin and coated with tin, which is similar to lead in many respects. 2 Pawnee Bill became famous by being a scout and interpreter for the Pawnee tribe of Indians. He is still living. 3 Before the war the South was Democratic and was opposed to the North, which was anti-slavery.

S. W.—The population of the Turkish Empire is 33,000,000, Greece 2,187,000, Newark, N. J., 220,000. We cannot give the combined population of those towns for want of statistics. 2 Great Britain manufactures the largest cannon and best fire-arms of any nation. 3 Switzerland is noted for its scenery. 4 Great Britain has the largest and most powerful navy. 5 Germany has about 325 war vessels of all kinds. 6 The United States army consists of 25,000 non-commissioned officers and men.

CHAS. J. WESTRING.—The precious stones as relating to the months of the year are as follows: January—Garnet, constancy and fidelity; February—Amethyst, preventive against violent passions; March—Bloodstone, courage, wisdom and firmness; April—Sapphire, free from enchantment; May—Emerald, insures true love; June—Agate, long life, health and prosperity; July—Ruby, discovers poison, corrects evil; August—Sardonyx, conjugal felicity; September—Chrysolyte, free from evil passions; October—Opal, denotes hope and shrewdness; November—Topaz, fidelity and friend ship; December—Turquoise, prosperity in love.

GENERAL EAGEL.—In a war between this country and Spain it would be principally a naval war. 2 Cuba has a population of about 1,350,000. 3 The highest mountains are in the eastern part, although there are many mountainous districts in the western part. The level portions are the swamp lands near the coast and the valleys between the ranges of mountains, some of which are 200 miles long by 30 wide. 4 Spain will not part with Cuba for any consideration. 5 The island is 130 miles from the most southern part of Florida. 6 By taking any good school atlas you can find the shapes of the Bahama Islands and their distance from Cuba.

PETER CODDLE.—The Columbian stamps, used, are catalogued as follows: One-cent one cent, 2-cent one cent, 3 cent six cents, 4-cent three cents, 5-cent four cents, 6-cent ten cents, 8-cent eight cents, and 10-cent five cents. The 2-cent round Columbian envelope one cent. 2 The 2-cent letter sheet two cents, the 2-cent bank check two cents, the 2-cent internal revenue orange one cent, the 10-cent orange special delivery ten cents, blue, watermarked, three cents. 3 The 25-cent or 50-cent revenues described, one cent each. 4 Your writing is fair. 5 April 26, 1883, came on Thursday. 6 Stamp catalogues cost fifty cents. 7 We cannot publish stamp dealers' addresses in this column.

GENERAL ALPHONSO.—The Cuban war began September 19, 1895. 2 From Key West to Havana is about 110 miles. 3 This is the second war for the independence of Cuba; the first one was a failure. 4 The Bahama Islands belong to England; the Isle of Pines belongs to Spain. Jamaica belongs to England. 5 If the Spanish forces caught a body of men from the United States with arms in their possession, trying to join the insurgents, they would no doubt condemn them to be shot. All the United States can do is to take every means in their power to prevent men and munitions of war being sent to Cuba. 6 We do not print any atlas of the world; you can get them from dealers in school books, or they can order one for you.

KANSAS CITY.—A boy of thirteen years ought to be about four feet nine inches tall and weigh 85 or 90 pounds. 2 It would be impossible for us to say how many men are in the different armies of the Cuban insurgents. 3 It would be impossible for us to say which is the best bicycile; that is a matter of personal opinion to a great extent. 4 The five most powerful nations in Europe are England, Germany, France, Russia and Austria. 5 People have been known to have the measles more than once, as there are several kinds. A person seldom has a second attack of the real old-fashioned measles. 6 We consider the Indians, of the United States Navy, as good as vessel as floats. Some nations may have vessels of heavier draught, but it is a question if they are superior; nothing but an actual test would prove it. 7 Nichols, Young, McMahon and Stivets were four of the best pitchers in the League last year.

(Several letters remain over to be answered next week.)

ALL ABOUT STAMPS.

By "PHILAT."

GREAT BRITAIN was the first country to issue postage stamp, in 1840, and the issue consisted of two denominations, 1 penny black and 2 pence blue. There is a variety of the 1 penny. Commonly the stamp has ornaments in each corner, but in the variety, instead of the ornaments in the upper corners are the letters, "V" in the left, and "R" in the right. This stamp is very rare, and worth \$75. The "V. R." stands for "Victoria Regina," meaning "Queen Victoria." A fraud has been perpetrated with this 1 penny stamp, by erasing the ornaments in the common variety, and printing in the letters "V" and "R."

There is a variety of the 2 cent stamp of 1890. The regular color is carmine, but the variety in question is a dark claret or lake. It is listed at 50c., new, and 5c. used.

Don't collect fashionable stamps. Stamps that everyone is collecting are bound to go up in price with a rush. Let them alone, and turn your attention to countries that are not being collected to any great extent. Stamps of such countries can be procured very cheaply, and when they in turn become fashionable, you will reap the benefits.

"O. G." means that the stamp has the original gum.

"Mint state" means that the stamp not only has the original gum, but that it (the stamp) remains exactly as it was when finished by the printers, perfect in every way, and without ever having been hinged in an album.

A "surcharge" is an overprint, placed on stamps to, as a rule, change their value and make them good for the payment of postage to a different amount than originally expressed on the face, as a figure "5" surcharged on the face of a ten cent stamp would change the value of the stamp from 10c. to 5c., and vice versa. Then, often, the stamps of a mother country are surcharged with the name of a colony, and these stamps are then good for postage in that colony. Entire new issues are sometimes made by surcharging, as the stamps of Hawaii, issue of 1889-91, surcharged, "Provisional Govt., 1893," in 1893, for the use of the Provisional government. There are all too many surcharges, and if one starts in to collect them, he will get lost in the labyrinths. There are a few which may be collected, but as a general thing I should advise against their collection.

In the year 1858 an English dealer bought 1,500,000 Cape of Good Hope triangular stamps, from an old lady who had gathered the stamps for some charitable purpose. In the lot were twenty of the "wood block error," a stamp that is worth \$350, though not worth that price at that time. There were hundreds of the regular "wood block" stamps, many in strips and pairs, and these are now worth \$15 to \$25 each.

I came across an item in one of my stamp journals, the other day, which told of fourteen stamps which in 1868 catalogued only \$20.80. To-day these same fourteen stamps catalogue more than \$500. This is a fact, and what has been the case in the past, will be the case in the future. If one will go along quietly, collecting stamps which are now common enough, and which can be had very cheaply, he will find himself at the end of, say twenty years, possessed of a collection which will be worth a great deal of money—and then, just think of the hundreds of dollars' worth of pleasure you will have gotten out of it!

In the new 1897 catalogue, the 2-cent stamp of 1894, unwatermarked, catalogues as follows, for unused: Triangle I, 5c.; triangle II, 20c.; triangle III, 15c. The same stamp, issue of 1895, watermarked, catalogues as follows: Triangle I, 8c.; triangle II, 15c.; triangle III, 3c.

Several of the auction sales held in New York City, this season, have had Match and Medicine stamps, and these have sold at a fair price, which shows that they are gradually coming into favor, as last year they would not sell at auction at all.

At a recent auction sale in Boston a lot of plate numbers sold for good prices. Like the Match and Medicine, these would not sell at auction at all last season.

A United States collector has a room in his house papered with postage stamps of Honduras. It took 30,000 stamps to cover the walls.

BICYCLE TALKS.

By "NEVERTIRE."

The announcement of the first road race of the coming season is out. The race will be a century handicap, the limit man having one hour and a half start. The race will be run April 4, and will be from Minneapolis, Minn., to Northfield and return.

A great deal is claimed for the triangle-shaped bicycle frame, but I doubt if it ever comes into general use. It must be that the present shape of frame is very nearly as perfect as can be made.

President-elect McKinley is a member of a Chicago cycling club, and a cycling journal of that city thinks he should give some deserving "scorcher" a position in his cabinet.

Very few souvenirs were given away at the Chicago cycle show, and the cycle journals of that city claim that this had something to do with the poor attendance on the first days.

Starbuck and Michael have been matched for a series of three races, to come off early the coming season. Michael is at present in Europe.

Ed. Roth, the Chicago boy who rolled up such an enormous amount of mileage in 1896, has received his 146 century bars from the Century Club.

The legislature of both Colorado and Pennsylvania are considering the passage of bills providing for the building of cycle paths five feet wide along public roads. Good! Let other States do likewise.

A cycle show was recently held in Dublin, Ireland, and the Irish boys were greatly taken with the American wheels. It is safe to say that many of our wheels will be sold and ridden in Old Ireland the coming season.

A Dakota cyclist hunts geese awheel.

Among the freaks on exhibition at the New York cycle show, is a bicycle 24 feet long and 15 feet high. It was displayed at the Paris cycle show, and was brought over on purpose for exhibition in New York.

John Nobre, the present holder of the New York-Philadelphia record of 7 hours, 6 minutes, claims that he can make the ride in 6 hours, and is training for that purpose. He will make the attempt early in the spring.

A sign over the door of a building in a village of Pennsylvania reads, following the man's name, "Dealer in Bicycles and Justice." The man sells bicycles, and is Justice of the Peace.

Bald and Cooper met at a "smoker" given by the Chicago Cycling Club recently, and after smoking the pipe of peace, buried the hatchet. They have been rivals for the past two seasons.

Spring seat-posts, both spiral spring and pneumatic, are coming into use, and it is said by those who have tried them that they are all right.

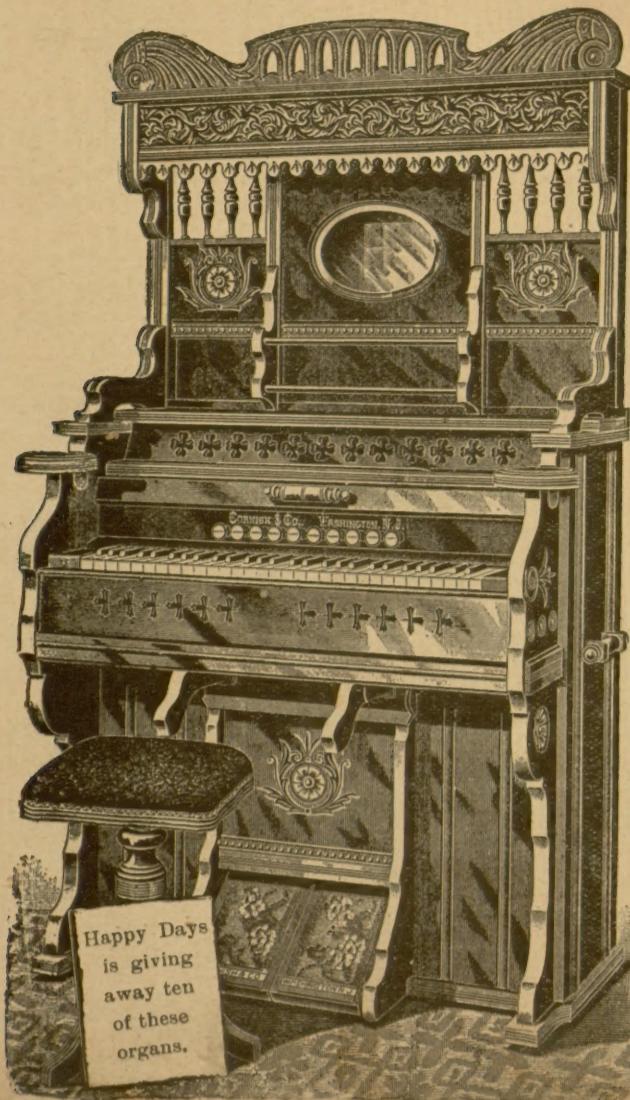
Wheels changeable from a single to tandem, and vice versa, are on the market. It would seem as if these should find a sale in country districts, where only occasionally one would wish for a tandem.

A patent has been granted for a chest-rest, which is fastened to the handle-bars, and against which the rider leans his chest when riding. Albert Shock, the long-distance racing man, has always used something of this kind, and claims it is a great thing, as it takes most of the strain off the arms.

It is a fact, and one that should be borne in mind when buying, that a good wheel is more apt to be cheap than a cheap wheel is to be good.

Two Buffalo, N. Y. riders rode centuries on New Year's day, hoping to be able to repeat the operation every day in the year. They will scarcely succeed.

Eddie Bald says he wants to go to Europe this season, to win glory, more than for money's sake. He may get neither. Our boys have fared badly across the big waters for a year past.



10 CORNISH PARLOR ORGANS GIVEN AWAY TO

The "Silver Chime" is Its Name.

THEY SELL FOR \$100.00 EACH AND ARE FULLY WARRANTED FOR 25 YEARS BY THE MAKERS.

Manufactured by the Celebrated Firm of Cornish & Co., Washington, New Jersey.

The Following is a Complete Description:

This beautiful instrument will doubtless become one of the most popular styles. The case is of solid black walnut, handsomely ornamented with original designs in embossed and carved wood work. The top of the case contains a heavy French plate oval bevelled mirror. The action is one of the very best multiple tone combination actions, fitted with orchestral toned reeds, and is perfect in purity of tone and volume of sound. In fact, the makers have spared no expense to make this organ not only one of their most attractive styles in appearance, but to be in every sense a valuable musical instrument, capable of filling a worthy place in any home where good music is appreciated and desired. Dimensions: Height, 75 inches. Width, 22 inches. Length, 45 inches. Weight boxed, about 350 lbs. Description:—5 Octaves, 10 Stops, 2 Octave Couplers, 4 Sets Orchestral Toned Resonator Pipe Quality Reeds, 1 Tone Swell, 1 Grand Organ Swell. 1 Set Exquisitely Pure, Sweet Melodia of 37 Reeds. 1 Set Charmingly Brilliant Celeste of 24 Reeds. 1 Set Rich, Mellow, Smooth Diapason of 24 Reeds. 1 Set Pleasing, Soft, Melodious Dulciana of 13 Reeds. Names of Stops—Diapason Forte, Bass Coupler, Piano, Diapason, Dulciana, Celeste, Celeste Forte, Treble Coupler, Echo, Melodia. Complete with Stool and Instruction Book. Safe delivery guaranteed.

FOLLOW THESE DIRECTIONS:—You will find on page 2 of Happy Days every week a coupon called the Happy Days Premium Coupon. To the ten readers who send us the largest number of these coupons cut from Happy Days beginning with No. 127 and ending with No. 138, we will send to each one a Cornish "Silver Chime" Parlor Organ as described above. Don't send us any coupons for organ until we notify you to do so in No. 138 of Happy Days, in which number the date will appear when all coupons must reach us. It makes no difference to us how or where you get the coupons; you can beg them from your friends who are reading Happy Days and do not use the coupons; you can ask your newsdealer to speak to customers who buy Happy Days; you can buy extra copies of the paper; in fact you can get them through any scheme that may occur to you. All that we require is, that the coupons must be cut from Happy Days from any numbers between 127 and 138 inclusive.

Happy Days Camera Premium.

5 GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK

The "Kombi" Camera is No Toy.

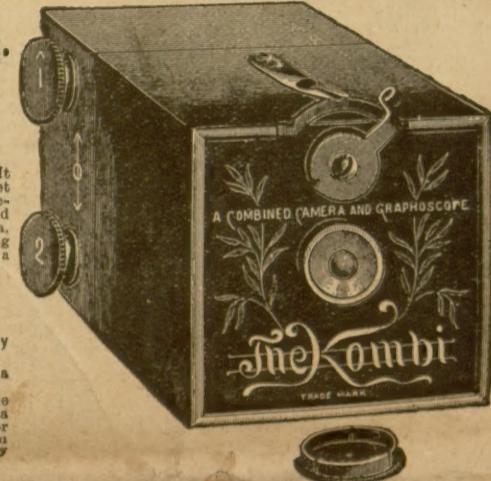
It will make either a round or square picture 1 1/8 inches in diameter. It will take either a flash light, a snap shot, or a time picture. It cannot get out of order, as it is made of metal. Each camera is loaded and fully prepared for twenty-five pictures. Each picture can be developed, printed and mounted at a cost of 2 cents. We send a 32 page book with each camera, which contains numerous illustrations and explicit directions for taking and completing any kind of picture you desire. The Kombi Camera is a well known and popular machine and sells for \$3.50 each.

Follow These Directions:

You will find on page 2 of Happy Days a coupon called the Happy Days Premium Coupon.

In the lower left hand corner of the coupon you will see the picture of a Kombi Camera with the figure "15" under it.

To the five persons who cut out and send to us the largest number of these coupons by noon of Saturday, April 3, 1897, we will send to each one a Kombi Photograph Camera loaded for 25 pictures and full directions for taking and developing them. Do not mutilate the coupons, but cut them out complete and send them to us just as they are printed. Address Happy Days, 34 and 36 North Moore St., New York, P. O. Box 2730.



15 "Happy Days" Bicycles Given Away

THEY ARE 1897, \$100.00 WHEELS.

We Have Already Given Away Ninety-five Wheels.

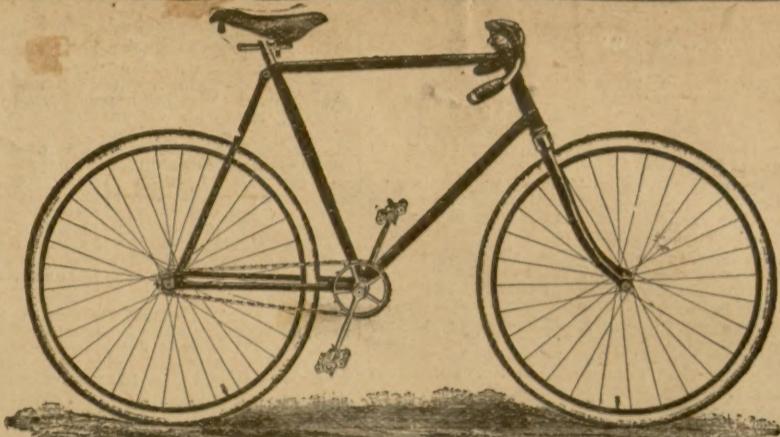
Read these directions carefully before sending us your coupons:

A coupon will appear on page 2 of Happy Days every week called the

HAPPY DAYS PREMIUM COUPON.

To the fifteen persons who send us the largest number of these coupons cut from Happy Days between numbers 127 and 138 inclusive, we will send to each a Happy Days \$100.00, High Grade 1897 Bicycle.

Do not send us any coupons for bicycles until we notify you to do so in No. 138 of Happy Days, as the date when all coupons must reach us will appear in that number, and it will be placed far enough in advance to give all persons, whether living near or far, to get their coupons in time. We don't care where or how you get the coupons, the only stipulation that we make is, that they must be taken from Happy Days between numbers 127 and 138 inclusive. This is a grand chance to secure a good wheel, and as we have already given away ninety-five bicycles on the same plan, you can depend upon this offer being genuine in every sense of the word.



Here's Our New Button Premium!

During the past four months HAPPY DAYS has given away over 300,000 Motto Buttons and as our original supply is now nearly exhausted, we have replaced it with 500,000 new buttons, consisting of Flags of all Nations, Presidents of the United States and noted Generals. Now is the time to start your collections. We shall give these buttons away on the same plan as was used on the Motto Buttons.

HOW TO GET THESE BUTTONS:

You will find on page 2 of Happy Days every week a coupon called the HAPPY DAYS PREMIUM COUPON. One coupon is good for one button; two coupons are good for two buttons; three coupons are good for three buttons and so on up to any number you may send in. As we are giving these buttons away, we think it no more than just that those readers who send us coupons by mail should send postage stamp for return postage on buttons, and as we can send five buttons at the same cost as one, we would suggest that our readers wait until they have five coupons, which entitles them to five buttons. For five premium coupons and two cents in postage stamp we will send you five buttons of your own selection. For ten premium coupons and four cents in postage stamp we will send you ten buttons of your own selection. For fifteen premium coupons and six cents in postage stamp we will send you fifteen buttons of your own selection. For every additional five buttons, add five premium coupons and a two-cent stamp. Those readers calling at this office with coupons can procure the buttons free of postage. The following are the lists of buttons we can supply:

FLAGS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.—Officially correct designs of the flags of different countries illuminated in correct and elaborate colors. These will prove to be of great benefit in the way of instruction and will quickly familiarize one with the flag of any country. They make a handsome collection in themselves. United States, Arabia, Spain, Scotland, Canada, Bolivia, Venezuela, Greece, Austria, Italy, Argentine, Honduras, Russia, Sweden, Dominican Republic, Orange Free State, Algiers, Nicaragua, Siam, Transvaal, Norway, Mexico, Uruguay, Servia, Ecuador, Japan, Congo, China, Cuba, France, Salvador, Ireland, U. S. of Columbia, Holland, Portugal, Turkey, Denmark, Peru, Liberia, Montenegro, Malta, Brazil, Paraguay, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Romania, Guatemala, Persia, Chili, Costa Rica, Netherlands, Gt. Britain, Corea, New Zealand, Hawaiian Islands, Egypt, Hayti, Samoa, Morocco, Tunis and Zanzibar.

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.—Handsomely reproduced portraits in rich colors. In addition to portrait, name of each president is given, also the dates of their respective terms in office and any other information that is instructive. George Washington, John Adams, Thos. Jefferson, Jas. Madison, Jas. Monroe, John Q. Adams, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, Wm. H. Harrison, John Tyler, Jas. K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, Jas. Buchanan, A. Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Rutherford B. Hayes, U. S. Grant, Jas. A. Garfield, Chester A. Arthur, Benj. Harrison, Grover Cleveland, Wm. McKinley.

CELEBRATED AMERICAN GENERALS.—In uniform; in handsome colors, with name etc., same as presidents. Grant, Meade, McClellan, Hancock, Beauregard, Fremont, Sherman, Sheridan, Lee, Custer, Logan, Stonewall Jackson, Nelson A. Miles.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MEFISTO SCARF PIN.

"Play the hose Bill!"

A brand new joker, Mefisto's bulging eyes, bristling ears and gaudy pins, invites curiosity every time when worn on scarf or lapel, and it is fully satisfied when he comes to the rubber ball concealed in your inside pocket you pour your inquiring friend with water. Throw a stream 20 feet, hose 16 in. long, 1 1/4 inch ball; handsome Silver-oxidized face colored in hard enamel; worth 25c. as a pin and a dollar as a joker; sent as a sample of our 3000 specialties with 112 page catalogue post-paid for ONLY 15c; 2 for 25c; \$1.40 Doz. AGENTS Wanted. ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 65 & 67 Cortlandt Street, New York City. Dept. No. 121.

Flobert Rifles Free.

Boys in every town and city can learn how to obtain a "FLOBERT RIFLE" free of all charge, by sending their name and address to Flobert, 627 President St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

BINDER FOR HAPPY DAYS.

Covers made of thick cardboard, cloth-covered, with "HAPPY DAYS" stamped on it in gold. Will hold a complete volume—26 numbers, and has every appearance of being a regular bound book. Sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of 50 cents in money or postage stamps. Address

HAPPY DAYS,
P. O. Box 2730. 34 & 36 North Moore St., N. Y.

The White Elephant FOR MARCH. JUST OUT!

The brightest little magazine published. Containing short, sparkling and humorous stories by the most prominent writers of the day. Issued monthly. Price 5 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or we will send it to you by mail postage free upon receipt of the price. Subscription price 50 cents a year. Address Frank Tousey, publisher. 34 & 36 North Moore Street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

37.

How to Keep House.

It contains information for everybody, boys, girls, men and women; it will teach you how to make almost anything around the house, such as parlor ornaments, brackets, cements, zolian harps, and bird lime for catching birds. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, Publisher. 34 & 36 North Moore St., New York. Box 2730.

31.

How to Become a Speaker.

Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, Publisher. 34 & 36 North Moore St., N. Y. P. O. Box 2730.